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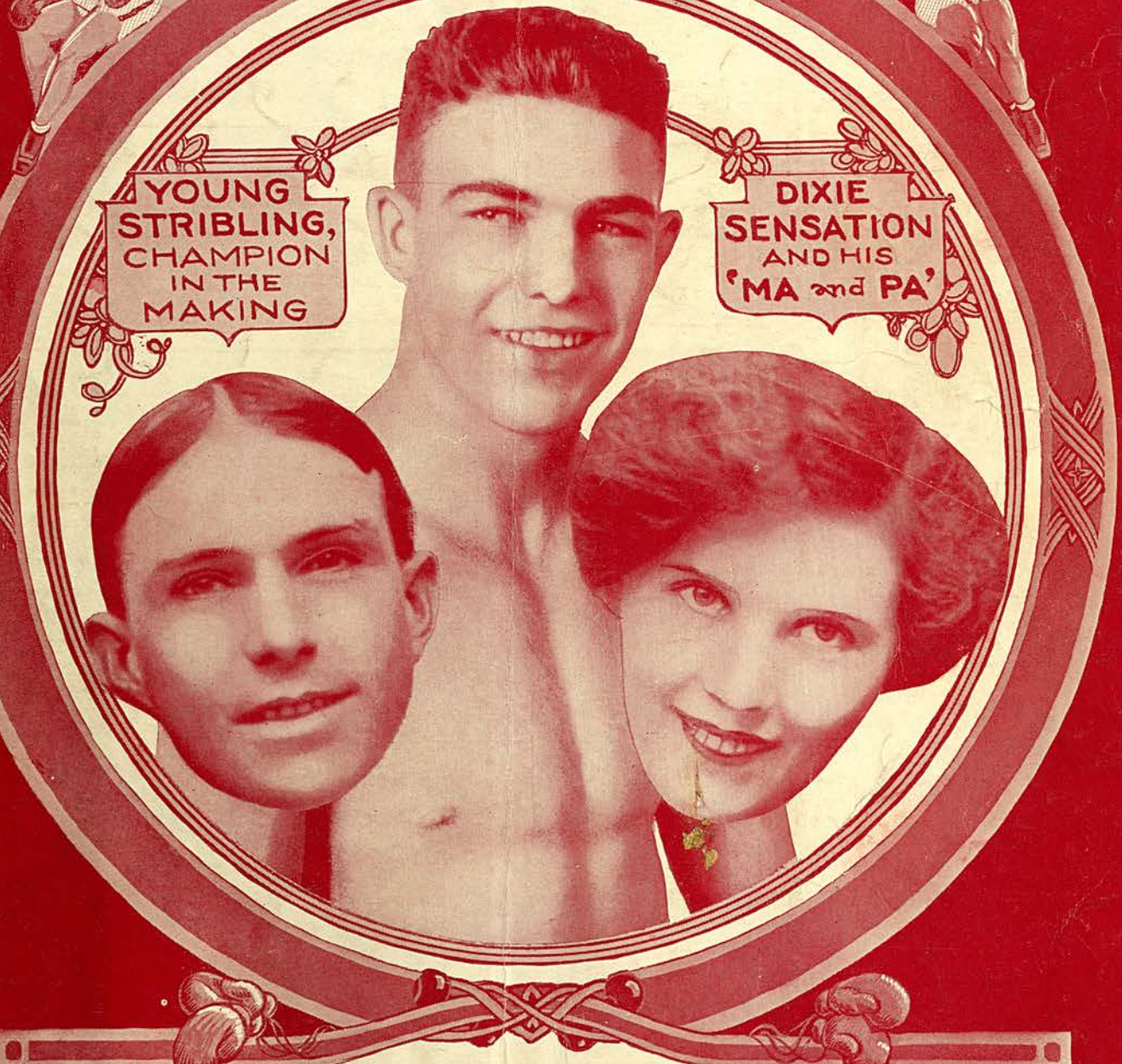

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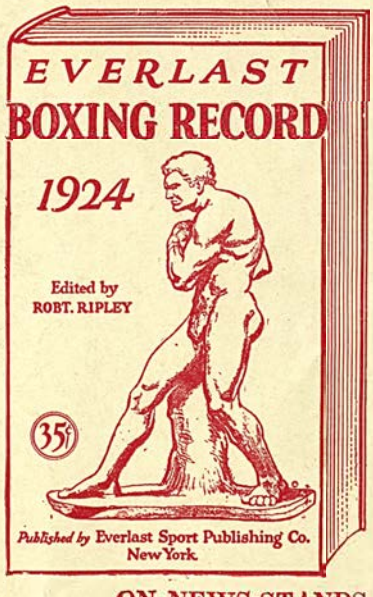

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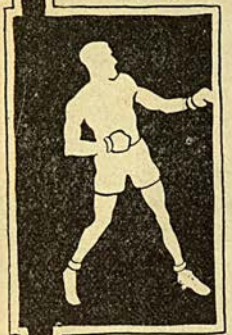

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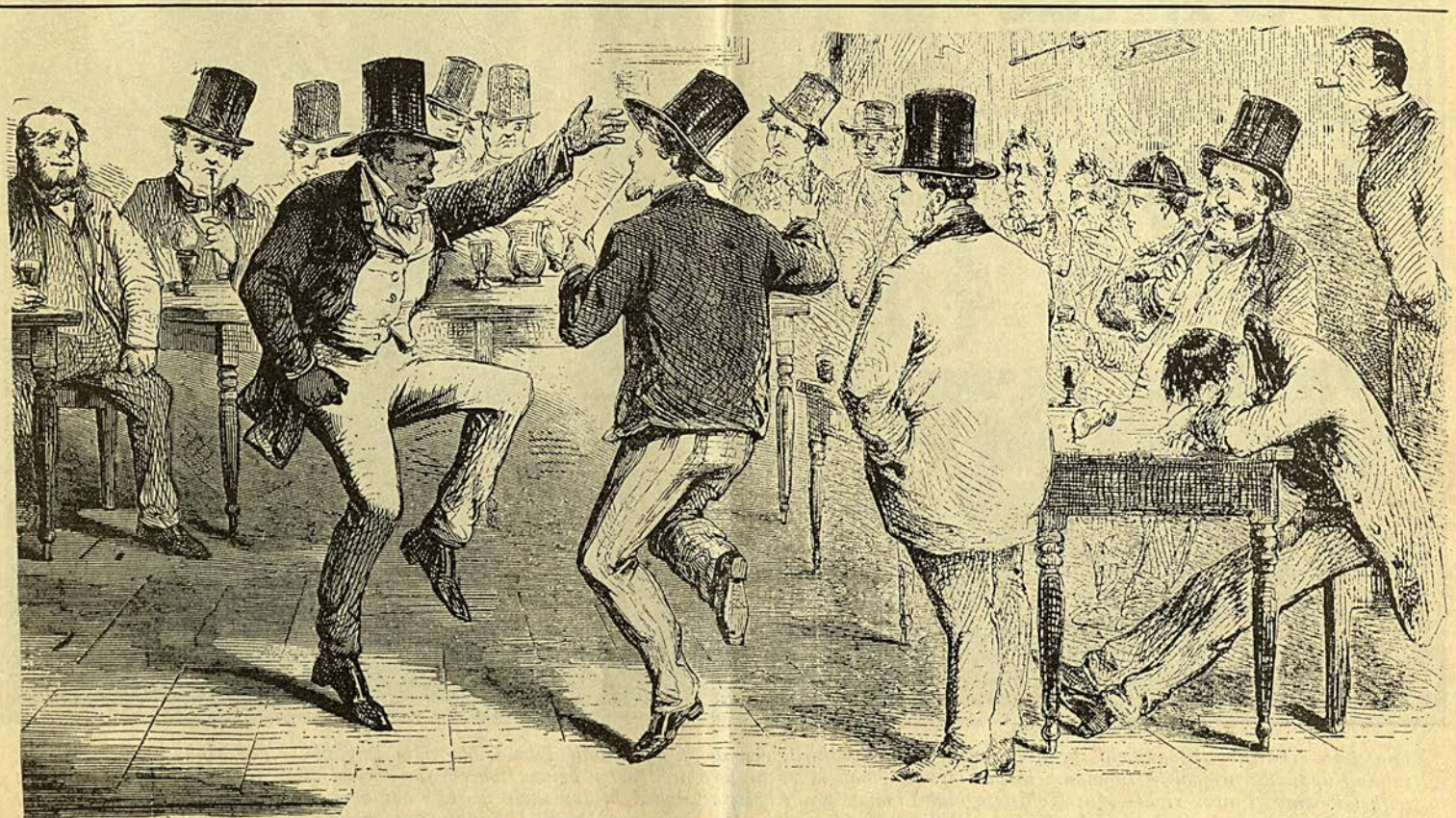
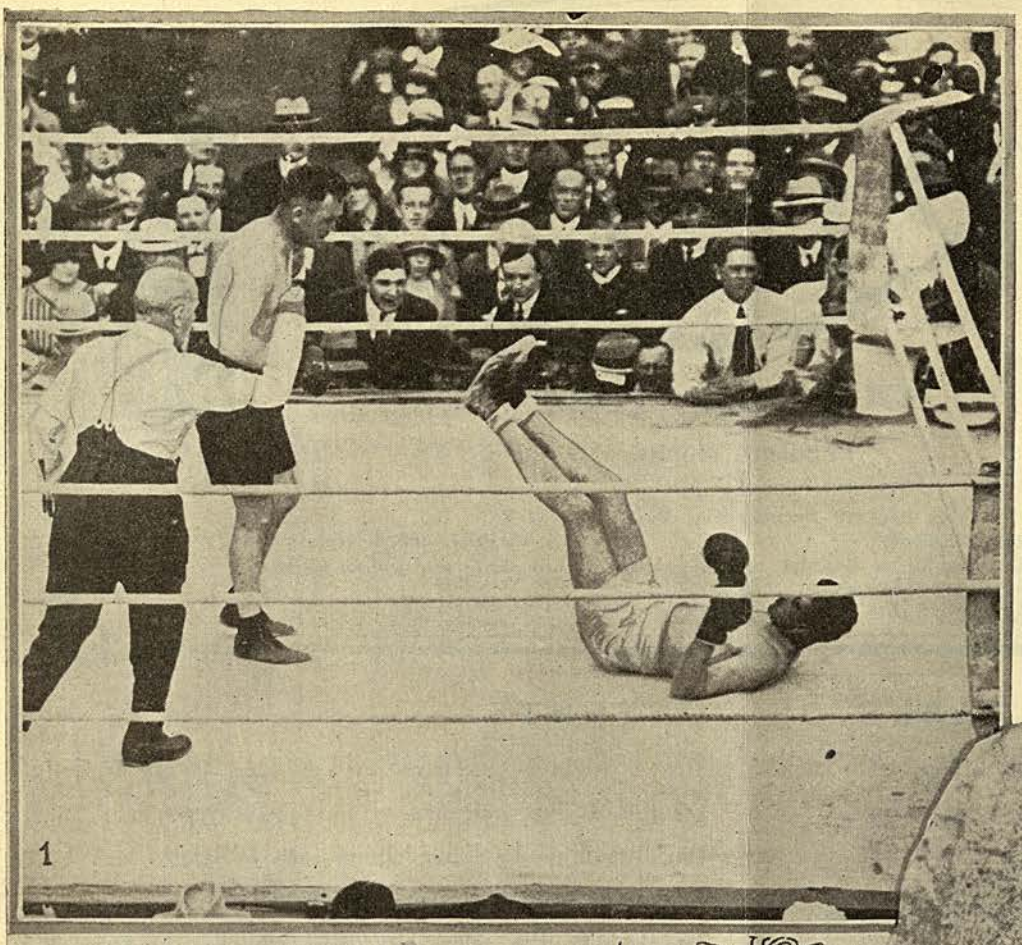
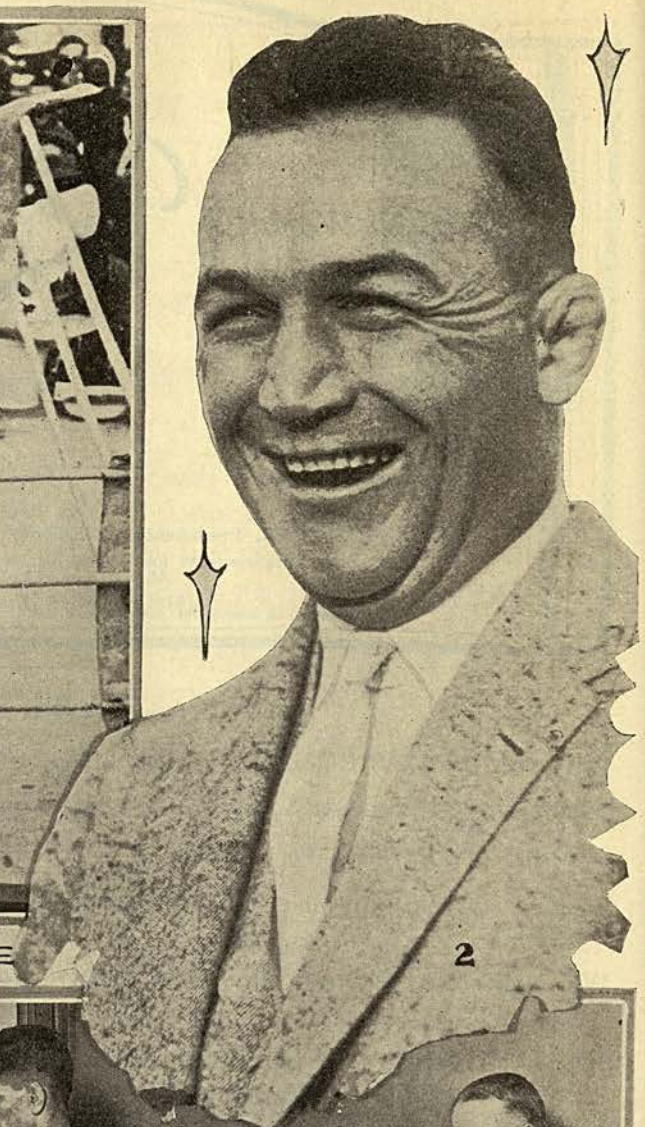
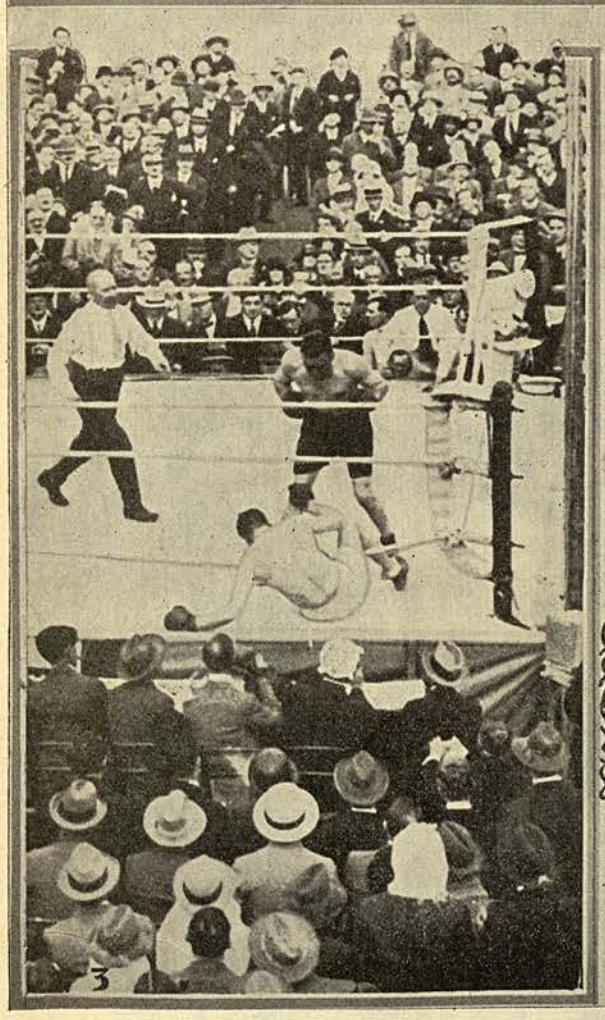


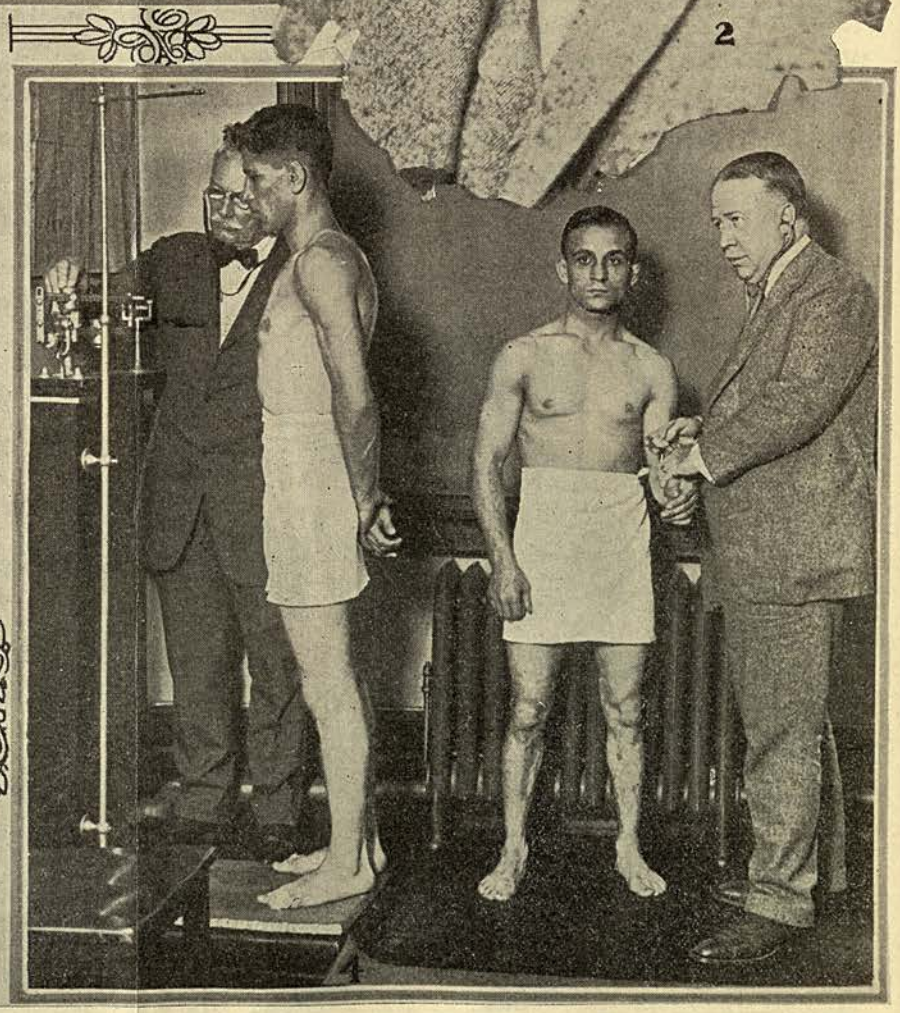
A Celebrated English sporting house scene following a victory of a popular fighter.

Snapped by the Cameraman in a Tour of the World









Top left—Showing Bloomfield being counted out in third round of fight with Tom Gibbons in England. Top right—Tom Gibbons, smiling upon his arrival in London. Lower left—Bloomfield as he appeared after being floored for second time in second round in fight with Gibbons. Lower right—Abe Goldstein and Tommy Ryan being weighed in for their world's bantamweight championship fight at the Queensborough A. C. in Long Island City. William Muldoon is at the scales and Dr. E. J. Kenny is examining Ryan. (Photos by P. and A.)

Fights for 2,000,000 Rubles; Gets $2 in U. S. Coin

By BIDDY BISHOP

MANY funny—and some tragic—stories could be told by Cincinnati boxers of financial difficulties of the ring game, but only one of them has ever boxed for a purse of Russian rubles or was paid off in German marks at post-war rates of exchange.

Such is the unique experience of Benny Soloff, late of Russia, Germany and New York, and at present one of the members of the local "international" boxing colony.

Some weeks ago Soloff heard that Cincinnati was a garden spot for boxers. He read of the numerous boxing clubs, the many arenas and the numberless promoters, and Cincy looked good to Benny. As distance means nothing in Soloff's sweet young life, for he has been around the world several times in his nineteen years, he came on to Cincinnati and attached himself to a local stable of boxers.

Soloff as a "devil dog" was with the United States forces in Russia. There the news leaked out that Benny was a fist fighter and the one Russian in the town where the Americans were stationed who professed to be a box fighter, was matched with the marine. Needless to say all of the army that could get away, and all the Russians who had enough rubles to get in, were present.

Soloff won the fight, but that was about all, except the 2,000,000 rubles. These he subsequently exchanged for two American dollars.

In Germany, however, Soloff's ring earnings increased. In fact they doubled. There he fought several times for purses of several thousands marks, which were exchangeable at that time for four dollars and ten cents.

"The Germans are not good boxers," says Soloff, "but are far less worse than the Russians. There are, however, a few Russians and some Germans who can put up a creditable article of boxing, but invariably they are those who have been taught by Americans or Englishmen. In the preliminary bouts in Russia and Germany it is next to impossible to confine the boys to ring rules. Let one of them get stung and he is likely to throw all thoughts of boxing to the winds and go after his opponent under street-fighting rules. Sometimes the boys are permitted to fight it out on this basis, and the result is rich entertainment, I can assure you."

After the war Soloff was in the merchant service plying between New York and South American ports. During this service he boxed with American boys on board ship, often receiving $200 for winning, the purses being made up by the passengers.

"But this was worth while," said Soloff solemnly, "for we were paid, of course, in Uncle Sam's money."

While in Russia, where, by the way, Benny was born, he was declared the welterweight champion of that country by his knockout of Ivan Oronovich, of Moscow, in the seventh round. Frankly, Soloff does not regard the title with much importance, but it is a title just the same, and anyone who wishes to battle for it can be accommodated. And Benny's correct name is Benjamin Solovachik. This was too hard to pronounce, hence the shorter name Soloff.

"It is a relief," says Benny, "not to have to fight for rubles and marks, though when you looked at your pay envelope it certainly looked like a whale of a lot of money to win in one night."

Soloff, fighting under many flags and against men of many nations, has had some weird experiences.

"No matter where I boxed," exclaimed Benny, "whether in Russia, Germany, France, Rio or in the Argentine, I always met the fairest of treatment. In many places they had rules that I did not know about, for there was no one to explain so that I could understand. But we always got along pretty well.

"Foreigners—and I mean by them everyone not an American—are taking rapidly to boxing. Americans laugh at cricket. I doubt if baseball will ever get a good foothold in England. The French do not care much for either game, but they all understand boxing and horse racing. In England and Scotland football is one of the principal pastimes, and some of the larger games attract as many as half a million people."

Soloff weighs 147 pounds. He says he is ready to meet any boxer of his weight, regardless of nationality or color. He draws the line, however, at just one point—he refuses to box for rubles or German marks.

WHEN Steve Donohue came here to ride Papyrus against Zev much ado was made over the fact that he was close on forty years of age. Horsemen of these days consider that rather aged for a premier jockey. Steve, however, would be only a kid compared to one of his predecessors who won the Derby.

The Editor of THE RING recently purchased a library of sporting books dating back to 1790 and in a volume of "Sporting Annals" he found the following:

"On Thursday, June 4, 1829 (the Derby was run annually on a Thursday), a crowd of 150,000 racegoers saw a sixty-year-old rider pilot Frederick, a 50 to 1 shot, to victory for the blue ribbon of the turf. Old Forth, his trainer, was in the saddle and his Old Forth's own horse, Exquisite, ridden by Frank Buckle, finished second.

"In a trial, Frederick proved seven pounds better than his stable mate and the artful old owner netted $100,000 on the victory to keep the wolf from his door in his real old age.

"A feature in connection with the Derby was a bout between Deaf Burke, afterward champion of England, and Bill Fitzmaurice. They were to fight to a finish for 25 pounds, but both were arrested the night before and bound over to keep the peace."

The prices paid for refreshments at the Derby "licked all creation," as the editor of "Sporting Annals" stated. They were, translated into American money, 50 cents for a plate of cold meat; 12 cents for bread and cheese and a quarter for a pint bottle of stout. A certain Mr. Merryweather was the Harry Stevens of the day. "The swells could afford it," says the old chronicler, "and Merryweather made them pay."

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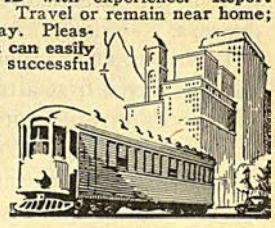


Johnny Dwyer—A Forgotten Champion

By DOC ALMY

Boston Post Sports Expert

(Jack Skelly's article on Sullivan, the world's champion, has brought many letters to THE RING. *Doc Almy, a veteran of high standing, takes issue with Skelly and we will keep the controversy boiling by publishing his article and following with others.—Editor's note).*

WHEN Jack Skelly launched in the August number of THE RING the announcement that John L. Sullivan was one-time heavyweight champion of the world, he again stirred up the old controversy. Jack's statement, "Ryan won the title from Joe Goss, and Sullivan won the title from Ryan, etc.," has been written and rewritten, argued and quarreled over ever since the defeat of the old Roman by Corbett in 1892.

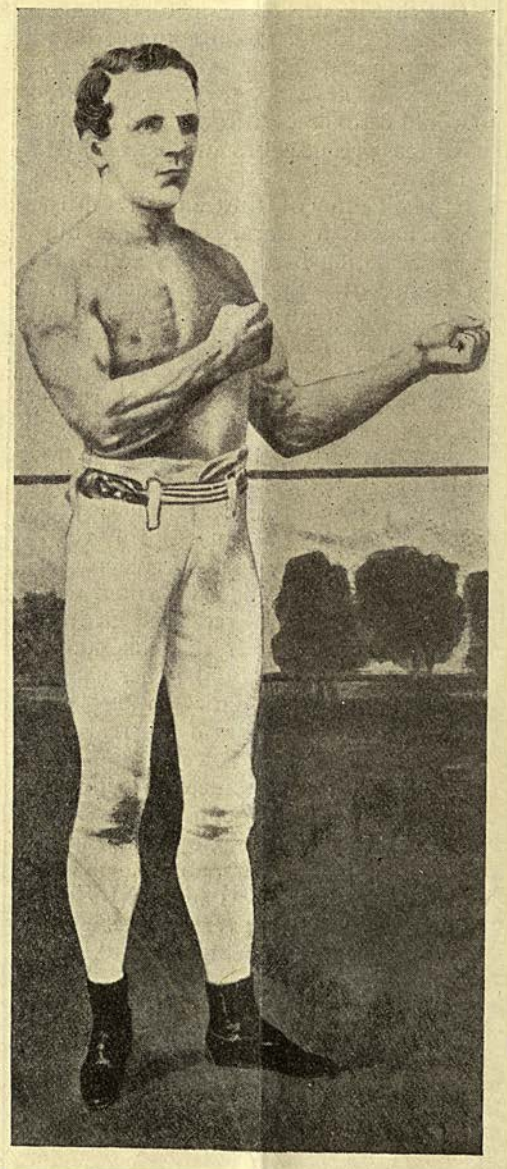
But quite aside from whether John L. ever held the world's heavy fistic title, which the writer, a veteran sports critic, disputes, is the cold fact that whatever ring honor he did acquire when he defeated Paddy Ryan in 1882 did not come to him via Joe Goss. Gratuitously, here is a brand new argument for students of the game to paw over. Good fighter that he was, Joe Goss was never champion of anything in his native land of England, neither was he holder of the title when on June 1, 1880, he was defeated by Paddy Ryan in an 87-round mill near Colliers Station, West Virginia. Ryan merely confirmed his own possession of an honor that had been handed him by John J. Dwyer of Brooklyn, N. Y., the recognized champion who had immediately preceded him.

And, as few modern day fans ever heard of this Dwyer or his story, the writer is going to start a brand new controversy by telling it right out in meeting as he has pieced it together from various musty books and records it has been his good fortune to acquire.

Today, a fistic champion forgotten, back in the '70's, Dwyer was a very real ring personage, a fighting man of the first class to be reckoned with. Yet withal, the one and only wearer of the ermine to win and lose his crown outside of three ropes. It came to him through forfeit and he lost it by practically the same simple process.

It was up at St. John's, Newfoundland, where Dwyer first attracted attention, his lusty cries on the morning of August 15, 1847, sponsoring the customary congratulations of kinsmen and neighbors. Carried by his parents to Brooklyn when a boy, we next hear of John as a helper in the press room of the Brooklyn Eagle. There he remained until he had thoroughly learned his trade, printer's devil to a pressman, a dull path for those who do not care for it. The prize-ring looked the real goal in life to young Dwyer; but little more than youngster he turned to the sport as the means of a livelihood.

At the start of it Dwyer went in for exhibition bouts at sparring entertainments, and was very successful. It was this success that brought about his first regulation ring fight, his opponent being one Hugh Reilly, known as "Butt" from his billy-goat tactics, whose jealousy and envy forced him into a quarrel with the youthful sparrer. An oldtime "up and down" street fight in Brooklyn on January 8, 1868, resulted in both being rushed into a vacant building by admiring clansmen, where, with money up, they had it out in a ring chalked on the floor. It was a wicked affair, lasting for more than two hours, during which 125 rounds were fought, London rules. Dwyer was declared the winner.



Johnny Dwyer

Following this mill, Dwyer continued his career as a public sparrer, and by saving his money, investing it wisely and otherwise conducting himself like a good citizen, he finally amassed enough to set himself up as a publican in Brooklyn. So far as the active ring was concerned Dwyer managed to keep out of it for a number of years, his nearest to a relapse coming in April, 1871, when he boxed Ned O'Baldwin, the famous "Irish Giant" and "Big 'Un," in a Boston theatre. At that time O'Baldwin had but recently been released from jail, where he had been lodged following his fray with Joe Wormald at Lynnfield, Mass., in 1868.

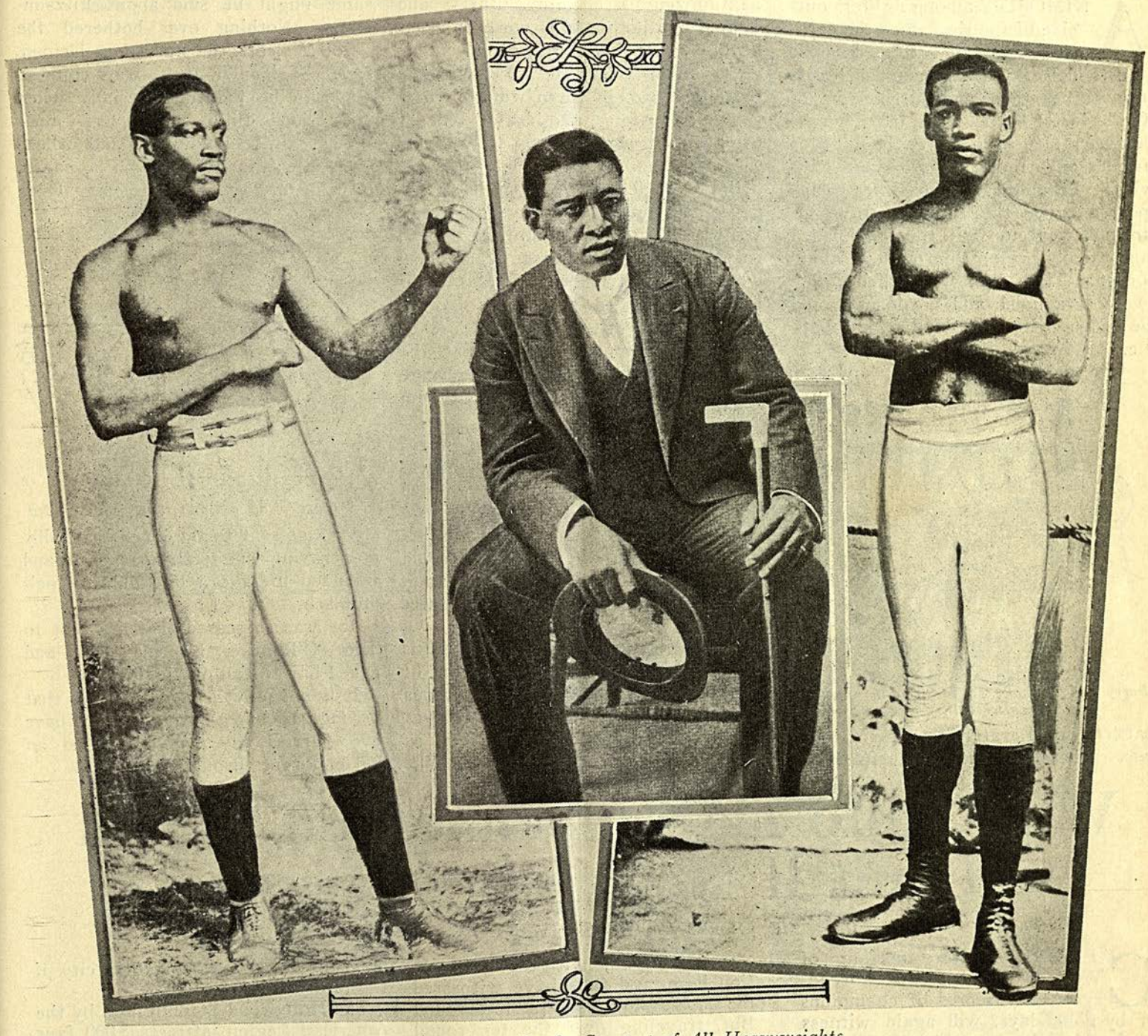
In 1876, however, Dwyer got back to the ring in real earnest, and in February of that year encountered Steve Taylor, later of the Sullivan combination, on the stage of the old Lyceum Theatre, New York. They had battled five rounds with skin-tight gloves when the police interfered. A month later they met again, this time on the stage of Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, Dwyer winning in 15 rounds. This affair brought a challenge to Dwyer from Pat Kelley, a Quaker City pugilist, and they were to have fought July 9, 1877. The mill was postponed to August 6, when Dwyer met Kelley in Brooklyn and whipped him in six rounds.

On September 7, 1876, Joe Goss won the title of heavyweight champion of America from Tom Allen on a foul, and appears to have been so well contented with the achievement that when Dwyer challenged him to defend his new honors, he refused to come to any agreement. The subject was threshed out in the sporting press and it was declared that Goss had forfeited his title. This ruling, arbitrary though it was, was pretty generally accepted.

Records of Dwyer's day almost without exception name him as the holder of the title following Goss, while letters signed by Paddy Ryan appearing in the public prints, recognized without question the claims of the Brooklynite to the title. Early in 1878 Ryan challenged Dwyer to defend his title, the stakes to be $2,000 a side, and the defi was accepted. It was agreed that the fray should take place be-

In Fistic Hall of Fame—Peter Jackson

(Fourth of a Series)



Said by Old Timers to Be the Greatest of All Heavyweights

tween July 15 and July 24 within 50 miles of Buffalo.

Ryan began training in earnest at Landlake, N. Y., while Dwyer took to the roads about Brooklyn to get himself into shape, but events over which neither had control were to prevent the fight taking place. On the night of June 22, Ryan and Joe Goss appeared in Brooklyn in an exhibition bout and on leaving the hall they were attacked in the street and severely mauled. Ryan's injuries prevented his continuing his training, his backers pulled down their stakes and the proposed mill was over for that time.

Dwyer returned to his saloon business and for a while quiet prevailed, but in the late fall Jimmy Elliott, a dangerous two-handed fighter challenged Dwyer to defend his title. The matchmaking took place December 9, 1878, the terms being the usual $2,000 a side. They met at Long Point, Canada, May 8, 1879, in one of the most vicious scraps ever between ropes. Al Smith, famed New York sporting man, was the referee. Elliott, finding himself getting the worst of it, tried to foul his way out of the mill, biting, scratching, kicking and gouging, but Dwyer, sustained by Smith, preferred to finish him, and did. In the 12th round Elliott was dumped on the turf a battered wreck. Elliott recovered later to get a pounding from John L. Sullivan, and was finally shot and killed in Chicago, March 1, 1883, by Jere Dunn of New York, whom he had attacked.

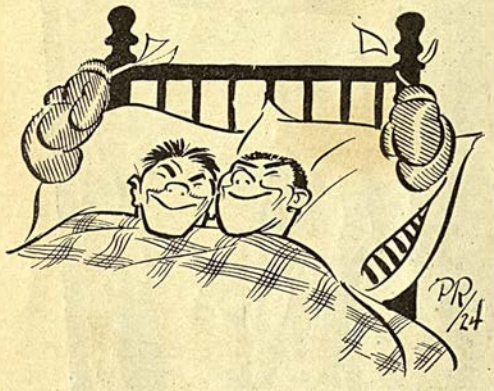
Dwyer's win over Elliott brought Paddy Ryan back to his door with another challenge, but the bout never took place as Dwyer retired on Jan. 5, 1880, to become a court clerk. He died on March 19, 1882, and was buried in Brooklyn.

Fighters Seldom Enemies Outside of Ring

By JAMES J. JOHNSTON

ANIMOSITY among fighters outside of the ring since the earliest days of bare knuckle jousts in England has been the exception rather than the rule. Some of the bitterest battles have been fought between men who were the best of friends once they got into their "civvies." From the earliest times it appeared to be the custom for a victorious rival to visit the vanquished and usually present him with a "quid" or so. That, too, was when fights were to a finish and the loser would be laid up often for days after a battie.

One notable incident of how two



Barry and Anthony go to sleep in same bed after battle

battlers could fraternize after a bout was the case of the wonderful little bantamweights, Jimmy Barry and Jimmy Anthony, who were in their heyday about a quarter of a century ago. After a vicious twenty-round battle the two of them went off to a sporting hostelry and crawled under the sheets to go to sleep together in the same bed.

Battling Nelson was a fighter who never had any use for an opponent. We can all remember how he dubbed Ad Wolgast "the cheese champion" when the latter trimmed him at Richmond. He called him a lot of other things which are unprintable. After Joe Gans whipped Jabez White, the Englishman, in the old horse exchange in New York, the Battler termed them a "coupla bums."

Tom Sharkey would never admit that anyone he was about to fight was a great one, but he was never abusive in his talk like Nelson. What he wanted to do was to lick his man before he got into the ring if he could lay hands on him. It wasn't necessary to have the fighting spirit cultivated in him.

Jeffries was just the opposite. His trainers could never get a rise out of him by telling him what his rivals were saying about him. Corbett was always "Gentleman Jim," but was as high strung as a race horse. The same might be said about Fitzsimmons. Nothing ever bothered the

Joe Walcott, the Barbadoes Demon, terrific a mauler as he was, couldn't stand to be kidded, especially when Mysterious Billy Smith was mentioned. Billy knew this and whenever he was in training for the negro, he made up goat getters for Joe. Once

Joe Walcott couldn't stand to be kidded

word was sent to the black that Billy was having his teeth sharpened and intended to take a bite out of Joe's stomach.

Joe was so scared that he went to Tom O'Rourke, his manager, and asked him to call off the bout.

It is not only in modern times that boxing has been a business. Few have ever carried any grudge against an old opponent through life.

Will California Welcome Ten Round Limit If New Bill Is Passed

By TOM STEVENS

CALIFORNIA, now the hub of Western pugilism, and a rendezvous for scores of champions of by-gone days, will again witness professional boxing, this time, in the course of ten rounds, if the bill now before the State Legislature passes.

The game has been on trial ever since the twenty rounds days, and bouts have been conducted more or less on an amateur basis to comply with the law. Fortunately, the West Coast is not infested with betting rings nor is the game controlled by "sharks." The majority of clubs are run under the auspices of the American Legion sport.

The burning question now is: "How will the fans accept the long distance matches after being accustomed to the speedy four round racket? The short route, popular for the past decade in the Sunshine State, has imbued followers of the game with the desire for action here, and they have witnessed some slashing battles in the four round

But, traveling over the ten round distance, the boxer must change his tactics entirely. It is certain that prominent boxers, now in the limelight in coast pugilistic circles, will eventually lose their enjoyed popularity when they are forced to step the long route. Thirty minutes of

Jack Doyle, veteran boxing promoter, known to boxing fans and authorities throughout the country, is in favor of the new bill. He believes that his Vernon arena, one of the finest in the world, and at present catering to crowds of 8,000 to 10,000, will attract larger throngs if the change is made.

Los Angeles promoters almost unanimously are in favor of the new bill. They anticipate staging championship events in the movie city if the measure is passed.

The Hollywood Stadium, run by the American Legion, attracts 5,000 fans weekly. At the recent Coast Lightweight Tournament, in which Johnny Adams emerged victorious, an old-timer picked out a dozen former title holders which included Jim Jeffries, Al McCoy, Tommy Ryan, Ad Wolgast, and many near-champions.

Jefferies, now farming at Burbank, California, is concentrating his efforts towards instructing Tommy Richards, a towering heavyweight, the fine points of the game. He has expressed his hopes of entering his protege in a title go with Dempsey.

The old boilermaker has not cast his opinion of the four round game, but intimates that the new bill should revolutionize the sport from slugging to bixing and stimulate interest.

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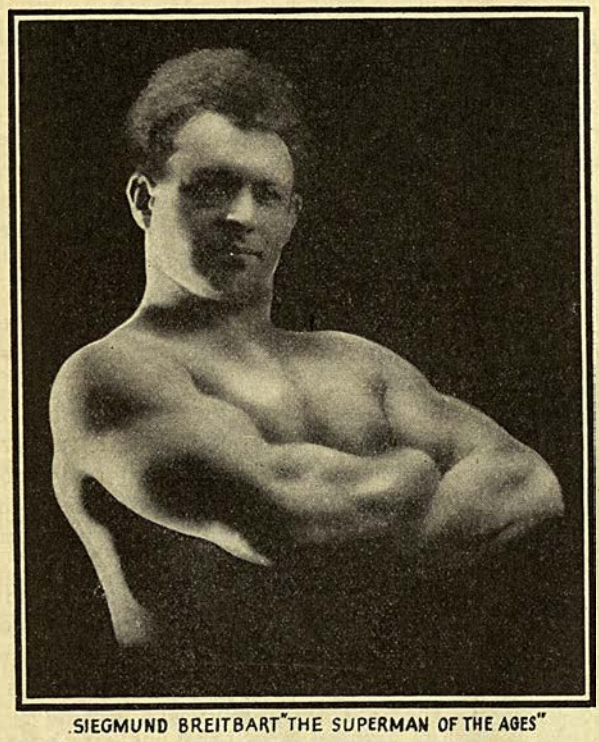

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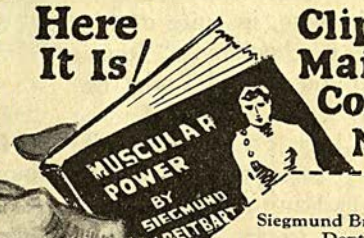

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Ma and Pa Stribling Priming Their Boy for Dempsey's Crown

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

FOR twenty years William Lawrence Stribling, born and raised in Dixie, is blessed with a world wise education. Experience has been his greatest teacher. Ever since he was a wisp of a lad the sensational Southern light heavyweight hasn't felt the thrill that they say comes once in a lifetime—in his case staying in one particular spot long enough to enjoy a breathing spell.

He had hardly learned how to walk when Pa and Ma taught him the arduous tricks of acrobatics, which later helped to make the act of the Four Grahams, as the Striblings were known, famous behind the footlights. They performed before the crowned heads of Europe before the war. "W. L." and his kid brother Herbert supplied variegated stunts considered superhuman for youngsters their age for the edification of the bluebloods.

In his travels, extending the length of the globe twice around, Stribling saw more perhaps than any living person thrice his age. Try and think of a hamlet or some out of the way place on the map he hasn't trod upon?

When he was only eight years old Pa placed him on his knee to see many historic ring battles in spots where the act played. "W. L." remembers vividly some of the never-to-be forgotten, hair-raising duels fought by the late lamented Stanley Ketchel. He watched Battling Nelson on the receiving end in countless scraps.

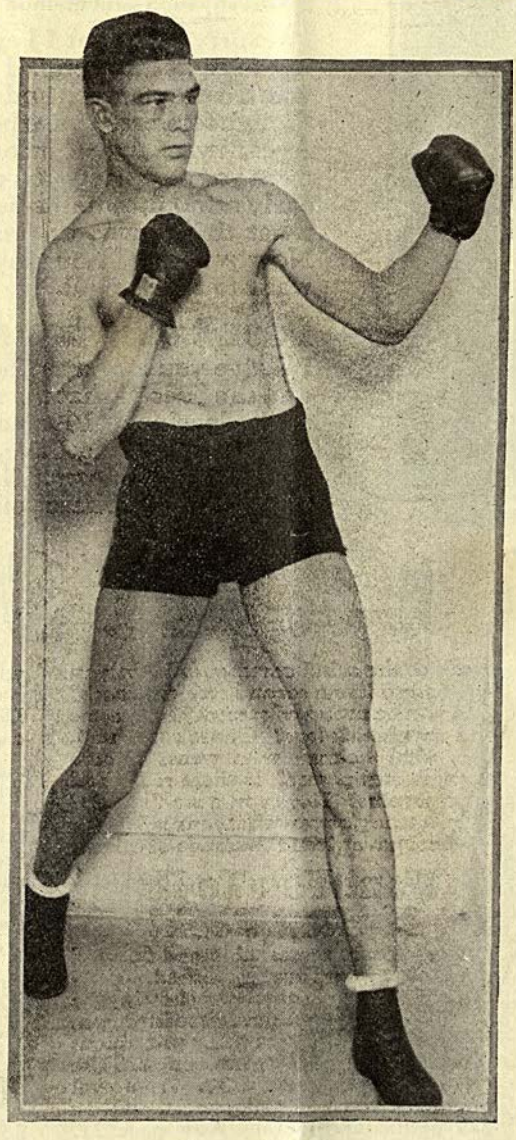
Pa was telling us the other day how he was turned back at the Madison Square Garden gate the night Willie Ritchie defended his lightweight title against Leach Cross, back in 1913, because he insisted on chaperoning the tall, lanky eleven-year-old son of his, who, in spite of his height, looked like a schoolboy. "Youse can come in, but nix on the kid," said the ticket taker.

"Well," snapped back Pa, "if he can't come in I'm going back to the hotel. Funny I've never had any trouble before taking the youngster to see fights, and we've seen some of the greatest ever held."

"Orders is orders—cop yourself a walk," advised the employee.

Eight years elapsed between the time Pa was barred at the Garden and the beginning of "W. L.'s" pugilistic career. Pa couldn't resist the temptation of advising his eldest brawny son to learn the modern art of self defense and take up fisticuffs seriously after he saw him show a flash of ability with his "dukes" in a few training sprees in a gymnasium at Macon, Ga., the family's present abode.

Pa has been a fight fan ever since he was knee high. He saw them come and



Young Stribling

go from John L.'s reign to the present king of the heavyweight division. The raw recruit astounded Pa with his lightning speed on foot and delivery of long rights which felled other aspirants to fame and fortune in the 24-foot space.

"Looks like I have a champion in the making right in my family," mused Pa. One night he took Ma into his confidence. "Oh, no, Pa, Billy mustn't be a fighter," she countered. "I didn't raise him to follow that arduous game; I want him to be a business man, such as a lawyer or civil engineer."

"I know what I'm doing," persisted Pa. "We have a champion—a fortune is knocking at our door."

Ma was not to be conquered so easily. She talked the matter over with Billy. He said he wouldn't mind taking a shot at the thing. "They can't hurt me," he said earnestly. "I'll always win." Ma was not to be conquered so easily. But after weeks of Pa's best persuasive tactics Ma became convinced and gave her consent.

Three years ago Stribling was only a bantam. He scaled a little under 116 pounds. He was tall and rangy for his age, measuring four feet eleven inches in height. He looked like a natural scrapper even at this early time.

Pa delegated himself trainer. He instructed the youth into the finer points of the pastime, while Ma held the watch during the training periods. In less time than it takes to tell it she became as great an enthusiast as her husband. Little did the townfolks of Macon dream that right under their very noses was being developed a pugilist who in due time was to make their habitat famous the world over.

It was during the early part of 1921 that Macon awoke one day to learn that master Billy Stribling had begun to carve his career in this particular line of endeavor. Johnny Cox, who had a stable of boys in New Orleans, learned of a so-called tank town setup, and he hustled into Macon with a boy named Lou Gomez. Billy flattened him in two rounds.

The next day the Macon papers clarioned the information that the sports clans of south of the Mason and Dixon line had reason to feel proud of the unearthing of a future great in boxing. In the same year the kid knocked out seven more, lost one bout of eight rounds to Dick Leonard, defeated ten more, and four managed to hold him even.

The dawn of 1922 saw the boy a full-fledged featherweight. Cox was for getting revenge. So he stole into Macon one day in advance of Joe Metranga, another Crescent City entry. Joe got licked, but he had the satisfaction of giving Billy his first black eye.

When "W. L." developed into a lightweight, tipping the beam at the 133 notch, again Mr. Cox came into the picture. He induced Pa to accept Sailor Blanque as his boy's opponent to celebrate his en-

trance into the division ruled by Benny Leonard. Stribling trounced the Sailor in ten one-sided sessions.

Cox dug up Jim King for Strib to get a shot at as welter. Last but not least Johnny introduced Joey Kuhn as his middleweight opponent, and then gave up the attempt of having someone polish off Stribling as a bad job. "W. L." battered him from pillar to post. The first big piece of money Stribling received was $300 battling ten no-decision rounds with Young Marullo.

As a lightweight Red Herring gave Stribling his hardest fights at Birmingham and Atlanta. The fans got more than their money's worth. Both times the of-final decision was a draw. From time to time Pa took the boy to show his wares in other Southern cities, where he caught on like a house on fire. Ma was always to be found near his corner shouting words of advice. His victories, however, never got as much as a paragraph in newspapers outside of his own bailiwick.

It was not until he fought world's light heavyweight champion Mike McTigue at Columbus, Ga., on the eventful evening of October 4, 1923, that Stribling's name and ability as a fighter came to the attention of experts and enthusiasts alike the whole length and breadth of the land. Lucky for Mike he took his own referee to the battleground, or else there might have been a new champion. From all accounts the youngster gave the champ more than he bargained for. Harry Ertle, who was imported for the occasion, insisted on calling the battle a draw. They fought ten rounds.

Despite the harsh criticism levelled at Pa and his stalwart fighting son, the Striblings came north to show New Yorkers that they were not anything like they had been painted. Right off the reel, to use an odd expression, Pa and Ma and W. L. convinced all hands that they were true sports-loving people, and they were given the "key" to the city.

Before coming north, however, Stribling stopped off at Detroit, where he boxed ten rounds to a draw with Tommy Burns, returned to Macon to knock out Steve Choyinski in five, went to Boston, where he defeated the rough, tough Joe Eagan in ten, and fought three more battles in the South.

Two years ago March 17 last McTigue dethroned Battling Siki for the 175-pound laurels. On St. Patrick's Night of this year Stribling celebrated his Eastern or Northern debut by giving McTigue a two-fisted lacing in twelve no-decision rounds in a Newark, N. J., armory. Had a decision been rendered that night Stribling to-day would be the title holder.

He floored Mike with a terrific right on the chin in the tenth stanza. Mike held on for dear life when he got up and luckily weathered the storm. As long as he lives Mike will never forget how close he came to blowing his laurels. While he couldn't connect with the finishing wallop, W. L. had the satisfaction of proving beyond a question of doubt that he was McTigue's master.

The biggest purse he has received to date was the $15,000 he got for his six rounds against Tommy Loughran, of Philadelphia, semi-final to Tunney and Spalla on the Milk Fund card at the Yankee Stadium, New York, several weeks ago. His bit from the McTigue bout was $7,700. He got $4,000 in Buffalo boxing Jimmy Slattery, $7,500 against Mike Burke, at Madison Square Garden, $2,500 with Leonard at Savannah, $3,000 with Tex McEwan at Philadelphia, and sundry other purses, most of them above the $1,000 mark.

To date he has fought 111 encounters, losing but four. It is estimated that his ring earnings amount to more than $100,000, and he is sure to double this amount before the year passes out. He has purchased a magnificent home for his parents on Cherry street, Macon, Georgia.

While Pa and Ma are grooming him for a smash at the world's heavyweight championship, which they fondly hope will be realized in another two years, Stribling tries to unravel some of the intricacies of law when he finds time in between his great number of fistic engagements. Whether he succeeds Jack Dempsey or not, the Georgia Peach has made up his mind to become a lawyer. He could take up a course of law at the University of Pennsylvania after he hangs up his gloves.

It will be recalled that the board of directors of the Lanier High School at Macon passed a ruling not so long ago affecting Stribling's status as a student. They refused to countenance any more of his long absences from his studies so that he could pursue his ring work, and they ordered that he either be a regular pupil or vacate his desk. With money coming in like so much water, Pa decided to have his boy continue fighting and leave his studies to take care of itself later on.

In school Stribling was a wonderful basketball player. He intends to purchase a twelve-passenger motor truck with sleeping and eating accommodations on it to take a quintet on a tour in the South giving exhibitions on the various courts. It will be called the Stribling Championship Basketball Team.

Stribling recalls with laughter the short time he worked as a soda clerk at Brown's confectionery store at Columbus, Ga. But that kind of work didn't give him a kick.

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Pa has purchased a $45,000 building at Savannah, Ga. Every penny the young scrapper earns is put to good use, where an income can be had.

Stribling is putting on weight as he fights along. It is predicted that in the next six or seven months he will develop into a heavyweight, and Pa expects to start a campaign to get his boy a shot at the biggest title in the pugilistic realm.

The much advertised bout between Stribling and his New York rival, Paul Berlenbach, was staged at the New York Velodrome recently. In spite of a heavy cold the youngster insisted on keeping the engagement when he saw 25,000 persons crowded into the arena. Although the judges and referee called the fight a draw a majority thought Stribling was entitled to the decision. A return match between this pair will pack Madison Square Garden in the fall. Stribling's share amounted to nearly $10,000 at the Velodrome. On Labor Day afternoon he defeated Young Bob Fitzsimmons in ten rounds at Macon.

Stribling in the three years he has been fighting has proven himself to be one of the best drawing cards since the inception of the Walker law in New York. Everywhere he goes he attracts record crowds. He is very colorful.

Personally he is one the best liked boys in the game. He learns in every other start. He isn't as wild with the right hand as he used to be. If he uses the left jab oftener there isn't a man his weight or inches in the world that can beat him. Quite a broad statement, but we mean every word of it.

No wonder he fights so often! Is there anything better than competition? Pa is using the right methods. Most of "I-know-it-all" fighters leave their best fights in the gymnasium. Pa intends to keep his boy busier than the proverbial bee.

In the South, particularly in cities like Macon and Atlanta, Stribling is a bigger man than the governor of Georgia. He is idolized by his people. He was born and raised in the town of Brainbridge and is a very popular boy.

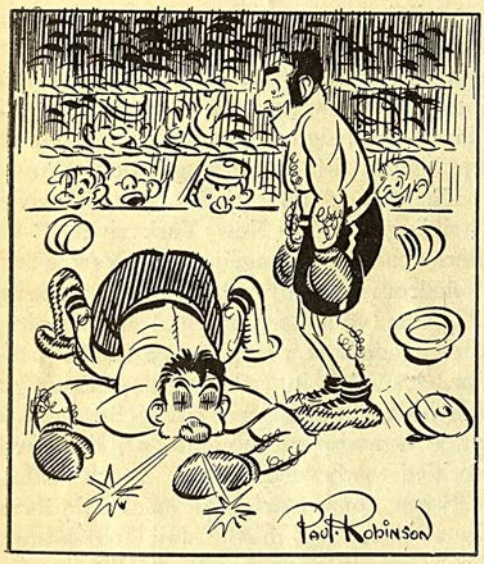
The Jolly Old Fatted Calf

(The Hon. Waffle-Waffle Returns Home.—Chapter X.)

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS.

OF course, old dear, you read long ago how Higgins jolly well bashed in the champion chappie and is now champion himself. We have been bally well submerged under a pile of cablegrams of congratulations since, so that I had no chance to write you from the States at all, old thing.

But it was a great moment when the champion johnny went down and Higgins stood above him—victor. It



"But it was a great moment when the champion, Johnny, went down, and Higgins stood over him—victor!"

was jolly well tophole, a bit of all right and all that sort of rot.

I thought that I should forget the dignity of a Waffle-Waffle and execute one of those strange Yankee war dances in the ring. But I thoroughly restrained myself.

That silly old avuncular blighter of mine, Sir Tuppence Waffle-Waffle, completely lost his reserve, however, and carried on in an amazing fashion. He was urged on by that new wife of his, Lady Miriam. The pair of them jolly well climbed onto their chairs near the ring and howled their silly old lungs out.

And that was all jolly well of its sort, but the next morning brought me frightfully back to my senses, for I had to be married the following day to Therese; and after that, the silly old deluge.

First I should have to face the pater on my arrival back in dear old Scrub Acres with an explanation of the fact that I had not one bit followed his advice to take up cow striking as a profession, but had allowed Higgins, my man, to become a prize fighting johnny and had myself jolly well acted as his manager chappie.

Then I should have my marriage to Therese to explain to the pater and mater, and lastly I should have to account for the peculiar actions of Sir Tuppence, who had been posted off to the States to avert my own marriage and had jolly well got himself teamed up to a friend of Therese's the second day he was in the country.

It was a pretty kettle of kippers, eh, wot?

But since you have followed my adventures thus far, old thing, it would seem no end unfair not to let you in at the kill. So I shall take you along with me and finish off the whole bally matter tophole.

My wedding was a quiet affair because Therese wished it so, although I may admit that I offered no objections to the plan. We merely drove up to Greenwich, the Yankee Gretna Green, old thing, and jolly well had the trick done with silly old Sir Tup-

"Not a chance in sight to await the opportune moment to break the news to him."

pence and his lady acting as the witnesses.

After it was over we had a family conference.

"In unions there is strength, wot, wot?" said Sir Tuppence. "Look at those labor johnnies and all that sort, eh? They've jolly well got silly old England under their thumbs.

"So we must put up a fearfully united front to the enemy, the same being your pater and mater, my boy, particularly your mater," he continued. "No retreat is the word and we shall jolly well do them in. That's what's what."

Lady Miriam chimed in with one of her usual comments at this stage.

"I think you're just noble, dear," she said, and immediately sank into silence again. She really does have ideas occasionally, but she jolly well conserves them.

I attempted to advance a silly old thought or two of my own.

"Peter," said I, "I never saw a beeve all the time I was in the States, until it was roasted!"

"We shall all just arrive at Scrub Acres and jolly well tell them either to give us our blessing and accept our kind, but firm curses," I announced.

And then Therese spoke.

"You're still the grandest little person for ideas," she said, "but you had better leave this whole thing to me. Say nothing and say it often; and I'll guarantee to have it all fixed in less than no time."

Of course we jolly well objected to her carrying the whole burden of meeting the mater's assault, but she insisted and in the end we agreed to her plan. Truth to tell, old thing, I am sure we were all fearfully relieved when someone else agreed to shoulder the burden.

But then there was Higgins.

"Hi shall be hafraid to see your father, sir," he informed me. "'E moight take a bleedin' bash hat me, 'e moight. Hi 'ope that's hall 'e does, but Hi'm hafraid 'e'll give me no ends hof rats. That's wot!"

"Cheerio, Higgins," Therese consoled him. "Nobody's going to go

around taking bashes at the new champion of the world. You'll be all right. Just take my word for it and trundle off to your beauty sleep. Heaven knows you need a lot of it, old timer."

So that's how matters stood when he jolly well boarded the Campaignia. A fearful lot of boxing johnnies and what not were down to see us off, and no end of wealthy sporting chappies of the first families. It was a ripping farewell, and it made us leave the silly old States with nothing but the kindest for everyone we had met.

But I could not help worrying on the voyage and when we boarded the steamer train at Liverpool I was jolly well ready to take the boat and turn right back. All along the route crowds of enthusiastic johnnies turned out to cheer Higgins and the rest of the party. They gave him three hearties every time the silly old train stopped and when we pulled into the Waterloo Station, there was what's what in the way of a roar and much more than that, old thing.

And there were press men to interview us and johnnies to take our photographs and what not. I groaned inwardly when I thought of what the pater would do when he opened his newspapers the next morning.

Not a chance in sight to await the opportune moment to break the news to him. It would be blurted out in the silly old newspapers first pop. Hasty; well, rather.

Every one seemed fearfully proud of Higgins. First English world's champion in heaven knows when, and all that rot.

When we alighted at Burnham-Upham station and climbed into the motor the pater had sent, I was jolly well ready to end it all.

But, no, there were some more silly beggars, headed by the Lord Mayor, who had to read a set of silly old resolutions and to thank each one of us in the names of Oliver Cromwell, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Marlborough and Earl Kitchener, not to forget Joe Becket and the jolly old Empire.

And then I noticed, while I was rolling my eyes towards the skies as the silly old mayor johnny was reading his speech, that there floated over the silly old road a transparency:

BURNHAM - UPHAM WELCOMES HOME ITS DISTINGUISHED SONS.

Well, that was a bit of jolly nonsense, wot? But there was nothing for it except to listen and then to turn Higgins over to the silly old fools who had planned to give him a banquet that evening. I promised that I should attend and we proceeded.

But the greatest surprise of all was when we reached the gate of Scrub Acres. Who should be standing there, waiting to greet us, but the silly old pater himself.

"My boy, my boy," he said. "Glad to have you back, wot? And so this young lady is my new daughter? Jolly fine, wot? Welcome to your new home, dear."

Meantime Sir Tuppence was jolly well keeping mum in the rear of the motor, but the pater spotted him.

"Wot-o, Tuppence. You've done it, too!" he hailed. "I'm a bit regretful that I did not take a flier to the States when I was a young man myself. But of that, my dears and you two adventurers, not a word to my wife."

If the pater's greeting was a fearful surprise, the mater's was nothing short of a silly old miracle.

When I presented Therese she rushed to her and embraced her. I do not believe that until that time I had jolly well expected to see the mater embrace anyone, even her guardian angel.

The warmth of her welcome to Therese puzzled me, but at last the silly old mater let it out.

"You did extraordinarily well, my son," she said. "It proves that instinct for kind will triumph. Therese informed me that she never told you that she was a niece of the Earl of Grahamebread. His younger brother went off to the States, y'know, and died shortly after marrying a girl there. Therese is his daughter."

No wonder Therese had been so jolly sure of our welcome. But it was a bit of right-o with me, nevertheless.

While I was musing on this the pater came to my room.

"We've killed the jolly old fatted calf in honor of your return, my boy," he said, "but we had a fearful time catching it. Some day you can show us how the Yankees handle their cows."

"Pater," said I, "I never saw a beeve all the time I was in the States until it was roasted. I should jolly well not know how to strike a cow, even in self-defense."

"Right-o," said the pater.

And that, old thing, is just what's what. THE END.

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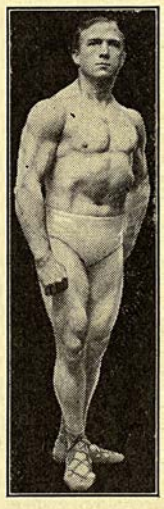

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Greatest Fighters as Viewed by a Veteran

By SPIDER KELLY

SPIDER KELLY, fistic expert and trainer extraordinary, recently was asked by Tad, the New York Evening Journal's famous cartoonist and sport critic, to give his opinion on the greatest boxers of modern times in each division. The Spider, who in his prime ranked as one of the best seconds in the country, and still holds that distinction, furnished Tad with a list, which although subject to considerable discussion, gives an idea of what the old timers thought about their fistic heroes. Tad has kindly turned Spider Kelly's choices over to THE RING for publication. The selection follows:

Here's what he had to say:

"I am sending you my list of greatest fighters.

"There are some men in the game I don't like to mention. God made man, then the rattlesnake, and, having a bit left over, made certain ungrateful fighters and managers.

"I have seconded all sizes of fighters, from heavies to bantams, and from the days of Dempsey, the Nonpareiel, to this Dempsey you have today.

"Jimmy Barry, of Chicago. He retired a champion. New York had a wonderful bantam in Casper Leon. He was a pleasing sort of boxer. It was a treat to watch him fight.

"George Dixon, Little Chocolate, was the greatest featherweight we ever had. He wasn't himself when he lost to McGovern. Gin and late hours and gay parties had taken a lot of stuff out of him. He was all through when McGovern knocked him out.

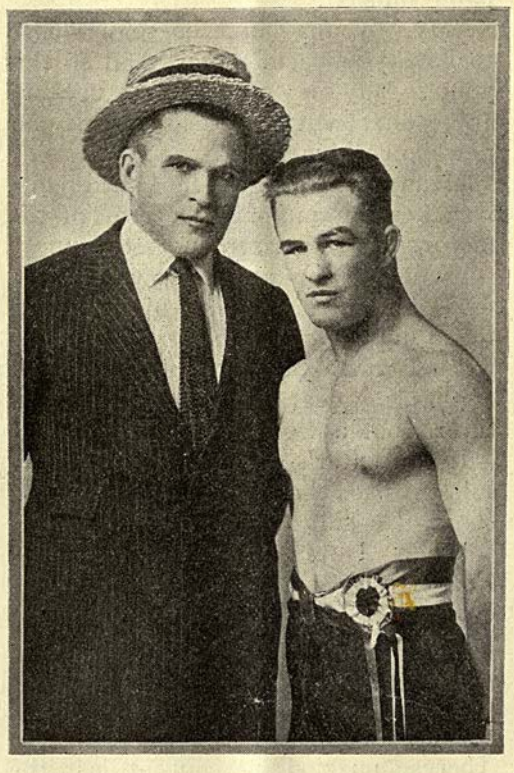
"McGovern, Attell and Kilbane also were great featherweights. Kilbane was of the old school—hit, stop, and get away.

"Jack McAuliffe was the best lightweight that ever lived. I've seen them all ,and boxed with Gans, Everhardt, Lavinge, Griffo, and many others, but to my way of thinking McAuliffe was far above any of them. He was as strong as a bull, clever, could hit like a middleweight, and had a great head on him.

"Tommy Ryan was the greatest welterweight I ever saw. A great number of fight writers pick Walcott, but I disagree with them. Mysterious Billy Smith and Tommy West used to take Walcott, but Ryan would take them, and then repeat any time they wanted more.

"Kid McCoy was the star of all the middleweights. He had everything. He was clever, was a great thinker, and could hit like a heavyweight.

"Here's the tip-off on McCoy. After Willie Meehan beat Jack Dempsey in a four-rounder at 'Frisco, he went on the stage with McCoy as sparring partner.



Joe Waterman and Bud Ridley. Waterman has brought a revival of boxing to the Northwest. Ridley is the featherweight champion of the Coast

McCoy was then 44 years of age. Meehan quit the job the first week. He said he couldn't stand McCoy's body blows.

"Jim Corbett was the greatest heavyweight fighter.

"I don't mean the Corbett who fought Jeffries. He was 34 years old then and at the end of his rope. I mean the Corbett of 1891. When he fought Jackson, Sullivan and Mitchell he was unbeatable. He knocked Fitzsimmons out at Carson City, although he never got credit for it. He won that fight three times on a foul but wouldn't take it. Fitz couldn't be dragged into the ring again with him. Brady offered him the entire purse to fight again, but Fitz refused. He fought Sharkey, Jeffries, and Maher twice, but he'd never box Corbett after Carson City.

"Peter Maher was the hardest hitter I ever saw.

"I was out with a boxing show in 1893 under the direction of Otto Floto. Peter Maher and Denver Ed Smith were with us. Maher offered to stop any man in the town every time we put on a show. He never failed once, no matter who it was.

"The most aggressive fellow I ever saw fight was **Tom Sharkey.**

"The best crack I ever heard regarding boxers was made by Joe Choynski.

"Joe declared he read where Mike Gibbons said that Benny Leonard could lick Jack McAuliffe. Joe looked up the record book and found that McAuliffe had quit fighting when Gibbons was five years old.

"Joe Choynski was a great fighter. He lost several battles—so did George Washington."

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A Little of This and That

By GABE CAFFREY

POINT OF VIEW

BENNY LEONARD says the plaudits of the theatre fans are "sweet music to the ears." Bartley Madden contends that the tum-tum of the boxing gloves on the ears is sweet music to the ring fans.

NUMBER IS LEGION

How many fights are there where most of the real fighting occurs in the arrangements?

THE NOSE HAVE IT

We have heard much about a "nose for news" as regards a reporter, but was there ever a nose for more news than the new beezer of Mr. Jack Dempsey?

WITHOUT A TUBE

"A little tooth paste," said the heavyweight as he smacked his opponent in the mouth.

IMPOSSIBLE

Can you imagine a cannibal trying to eat Jack Dempsey? You know how hard it is to keep a good man down.

A KNOCKOUT

"Another knockout," said the garage man ring fan as he removed the knock by overhauling the automobile engine.

AS USUAL

I just placed a bet on the fight.
How did you come out?
At the exit.

OUGHT TO

I believe Firpo would make a good football player. He's always kicking.

BOUND TO OCCUR

Defeat sooner or later for any fighter is like a dog's tail. It's "bound to a cur."

FEET ARE YARDS

Harry Wills, they say, has feet so large that you can almost see the cow hide in them.

GOES DOWN OFTEN

Some missionary work should be done for Battling Siki to keep him from going down.

CAUTION

In buying meat for a prize fighter the cook should see to it that only the lower cuts are purchased, as the upper cuts may knock the mauler out.

YOU TELLUM

Any one may be a duke but it takes ten to make a count.

FORETOLD

Jack Dempsey was foretold years ago that a black man would cross his path. When he does, look out! It will be curtains, for the dark man.

JUST A RUMOR

There has been no confirmation to the rumor that Tommy Gibbons is going to fight Gene Tunney for nothing.

FREE FOR ALL

We did not know the meaning of the words "free for all fight" until Tommy Gibbons appeared at Shelby, Mont.

UNUSUAL

Is Pal Moore unique for a fighter because instead of finishing his days in poverty he becomes a wealthy stock broker?

OUGHT TO

If Dempsey does not have a fight this year, Jack Kearns ought to sue him for non-support.

BOTH MEAN FIGHT

There is a similarity somewhere between a fighter getting another in the ring and a suitor getting his sweetheart in the ring.

SIMILAR

Uppercuts are just like whiskers. They both come on the jaw.

GOOD IDEA

Dempsey went to see the Wills-Firpo fight to see how they would strike him.

ONE WEAKNESS

Firpo wants no American training, no American bossing and no American style of fighting, but all the American dollars he can get.

GREAT TRAINING STUNT

Speaking of reducing, did you ever hear of any one losing more pounds than Tommy Gibbons did while in London?

BY A NOSE

Horses are not the only ones to "win by a nose." A prize fighter often does it. He hits a guy in the nose and wins.

IMITATION

Jack Dempsey gets his nose fixed over and then Jack Kearns, his manager, follows suit. That's what you call leading a man around by the nose, aint it?

OPPORTUNITY

The reformer said that Firpo should not have been permitted to enter the United States, and Wills was given the opportunity to "put him out."

THE BIG SURPRISE

And Dundee gave up his featherweight title! Will wonders never cease?

OFF OF A HORSE

The Prince of Wales has fallen more times than Georges Carpentier.

LEADING MAN

Now that Dempsey is a movie leading man, do you think of him as leading with his left?

BIGHEARTED JIM

Here's a generous fighter. When he sees a poor man going around without anything on his feet he is willing to sock him.

BIG BOYS

Some of the big heavies remind you of elephants. Yes, trunks and everything.

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GET one of these little beauties right now and **protect yourself** against hold-up thugs, rowdies, etc, and at the same time it serves as the best novelty case ever invented, for your bills, matches, powder puff, cards and other articles of every day use for man or woman.

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Ring Training Brings the Nearest to Absolute Physical Perfection

By "PHILA. JACK" O'BRIEN

(World Famous Physical Culture Instructor)

WE probably won't find absolute perfection in anything this side of the Great Beyond—and there is some guesswork about what we will find there. But near-perfection is possible in a lot of things right here in this troubled old world. And one of the things that responds to the effort toward perfection most quickly and gratifying is the human body.

The reason for this is largely the fact that Nature jumps right in and helps out the man who starts to get his muscles and his internal machinery working in harmony, whereas, if you try to make a perfect watch or a perfect automobile, you have to sweat it out all by yourself. Nature is a great old girl. She takes our feeble attempts at betterment of the body and backs them up with a powerful shove that makes it comparatively easy to put it over. But we have to play fair. We have to go at it intelligently. We have to *keep at it* if we want to get anywhere.

I happen to know, because I have been all through the mill. Not to throw any bouquets at myself, it is, none the less, fair to say that, by just playing the game with Nature, I managed to lead myself, an ordinary, spindling kid, up to a world championship title not to be sneezed at, and retired undefeated.

In these days of wild attempts to pile muscle on muscle until, as so often happens, a man is positively overloaded with it, it is a relief to turn to the simple training of the ring and see what it does for any man who will stay with it.

Ring training will take off *fat* or put on *flesh,* which ever is needed. It will develop supple, resilient muscles *that can be used,* not great bunches that get in your way. The average man does not care a hoot to be able to lift a safe with one hand or let a motor truck run over his bosom without caving it in.

What he wants is a body that fairly sings with health, with organs that all function as they were intended to, with muscles (and enough training to go with them) which, when some bum steps on his foot, or insults his wife or his sweetheart, will back him up in planting a good stiff poke where it will do the most good. And, with all this, as a matter of course, goes the confidence, born of the knowledge that he is sound and fit, that will let him stand calmly by waiting for this same bum to get up and try being funny again.

I don't in the least mean that the average man wants to be a scrapper, or a bully. But every normal man has cherished the ambition since he was a kid—and still hangs onto it—to be able to defend himself or those he cares for, with his fists if he gets in a pinch. That's not only normal; it's highly commendable. And it is wholly possible, if only the desire is backed up by determination—and horse sense.

Compartively few men have the ambition to become professional fighters. For those who have, the path is the same, except that the training is more rigorous than for the man who merely wants to become fit and stay so. But every man wants a perfect body—and, to ninety-nine out of every hundred, a perfect body is possible.

One can hang the whole thing on my pet word—"Fisticulture." I coined the word, and it is a good one. It tells the whole story. Because the man who practices "Fisticulture" is bound to have a sound, a nimble and a powerful body—a body that will respond to every demand of his calling, trade or profession—a body that will permit him to hold his own in a scrap, if he gets mixed up in one—or to keep out of it, just because he is so obviously fit.

He doesn't have to be like the bird who stood keenly watching a street mix-up, his mouth watering to take a hand, not caring what it was all about or anything, and asked another bystander:

"Hey, buddy, is this a private fight, or can anybody get in?" No, he needn't be quarrelsome, or love a fight for its own sake, to make "Fisticulture" worth his while. All he needs is the perfectly human and understandable desire to be ready for anything that happens along—and the will to go all the way to get what he wants.

Your boxer, when he starts his training for a bout, with, perhaps, ten or fifteen pounds to lose to bring him within the fighting weight of his class, doesn't consult an astrologer, or gaze into a crystal ball, or roll the bones to find out what to do. He just takes a long pull at common sense and, with the proper trainer, equipment, sparring partners and all, creeps away where he won't be disturbed and goes to it.

He starts, as a rule, with a thorough purging of his digestive tract—an internal bath. His diet is regulated so that he may be fully nourished, while not, at the same time, going hungry or gaining weight. He eats a-plenty Starving one's self is never the way to reduce weight. But he cuts out sugar starches and fats and such other things as he knows or is told will disagree with him or put fat on him.

He drinks plenty of water—not a glass now and then, but in quantity, regularly and systematically flushing his system of impurities—helping the elimination of the poisons in his body—giving him the makings of a good, honest sweat from his exercises—not a mere perspiration—to carry out through his pores those not-wanted secretions, and much of the disintegrated fat, which the excretory tract cannot, and is not supposed to, throw off.

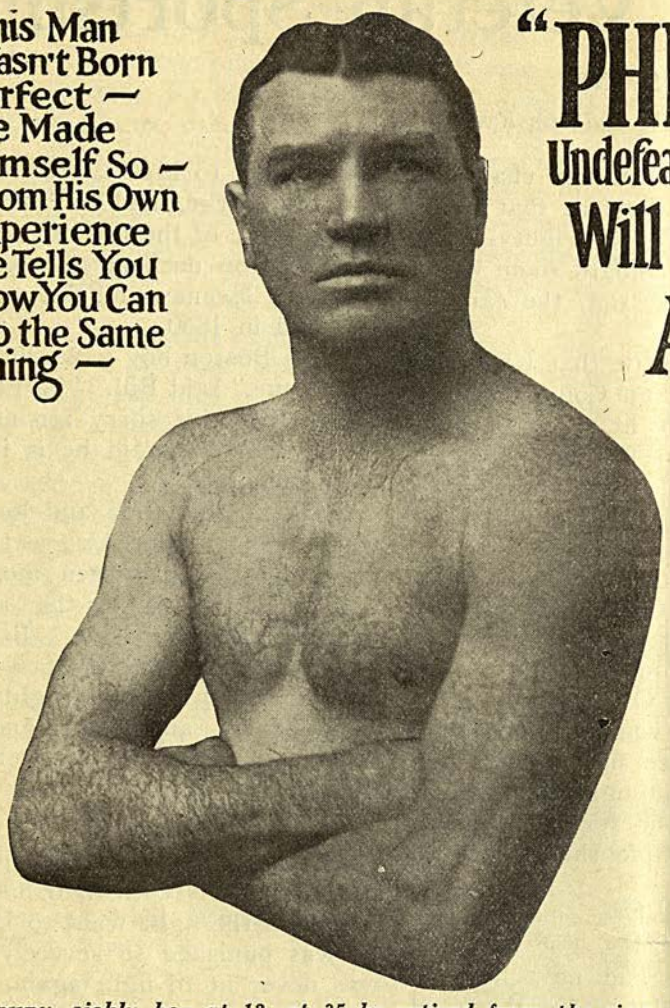
All this, you understand, under the contsant direction of a competent trainer who knows just how far to go in every direction without overdoing it; how to conserve every ounce of health, keeping him straight in the fairway, while dispensing with that indulgence of the flesh which brings so many of us into the sand traps, or slices us into the rough. He exercises with proper apparatus in the gym, walks his trick, jogs another trick—a dog-trot that doesn't strain his muscles—mixes rest periods with it all and showers and rub-downs that limber him from neck to heel; throws in a little recreational hour or two.

And this goes on day after day for a period of four or five weeks maybe, while his lungs are opening up from daily deep inflation with pure air, giving him plenty of good, red blood, which his heart pumps to every nook and corner of his system.

Needless to say, tobacco and alcoholics are giving a little vacation while this regeneration is proceeding. Wine, women and song are things of the past. After the goal is reached, moderation may be the rule instead of total abstinence. But

(Continued on page 21)

This Man Wasn't Born Perfect — He Made Himself So — From His Own Experience He Tells You How You Can Do the Same Thing —



"PHILA. JACK" O'BRIEN

Undefeated Light Heavyweight Champion of the World Will Himself Show You How to Have

A PERFECT BODY

A puny, sickly boy at 12, at 35 he retired from the ring Undefeated Light Heavyweight Champion of the World— "PHILA. JACK" O'BRIEN is no accident of birth—he is a CREATION!

He believes that a man who wins through in the boxing profession has to be a clean man, mentally, morally and physically, with well-developed muscles and a clear brain. He believes (and he is right) that the man who can measure up to that standard is bound to be a success in whatever field he enters, business or social.

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD boy looked himself over one day and decided something would have to be done about it. He was tall for his age; all of a sudden he had shot up like a weed; he had had most of the sicknesses that come to youngsters; he suffered from growing pains. He was the kind of kid the town bully picks on for an easy mark and he had been batted around a lot.

Suddenly he discovered that he was tired of being a gangling youngster and a joke to the other fellows. So he made up his mind he would build himself a perfect body. He decided to be a boxer—and he had almost nothing to start with!

Fifteen years later he retired from the prize ring **Undefeated Light Heavyweight Champion of the World!**

That boy was "Phila. Jack" O'Brien. Out of 227 contests, **he has been licked only in four.** And, for the most part, he has fought men from 40 to 70 pounds heavier than himself.

Experience Is Talking

After all, experience is the only teacher worth while. Hearsay evidence isn't worth a dime. When "Phila. Jack" O'Brien talks to you and tells you how he did it, he talks—as he has always fought—straight from the shoulder—and to win. Starting when he was only a kid, he built himself a perfect body. He had no guide. He whacked it all out for himself. He got his with sweat and blood and tears. But he hands it to you now in concentrated form—simple rules of living and exercising which will do for any man what they did for him.

"Phila. Jack" O'Brien was not an accident of birth. He wasn't born a perfect man physically. He didn't have a body naturally strong and husky to which he is trying to fit a set of rules. He created himself out of mighty unpromising material. By the same token he can create you.

He believes that every man and every woman owe it to themselves and to their families and friends to possess and enjoy physical perfection—or as near perfection as it is possible to attain. He has devoted his life since quitting the ring to helping men and women accomplish this end. And hundreds bless the day they first came within reach of the influence of "Phila. Jack" O'Brien.

His Three Training Schools Hand-finish Your Course

Leaving the ring and carrying his laurels with him, "Phila. Jack" O'Brien began to listen to the calls from men in every walk of life asking how he had done it. They were many, and finally it was borne in on him that he had a duty and a life work very clearly marked out for him. So he went to it with the same vim and determination that has marked his ring career.

He established his first Physical Training Studio in Philadelphia. This he still maintains. His Training School on the roof and in the old Concert Hall of the famous Madison Square Garden was long known all over the world as one of the finest and best equipped. This has now been moved to a Broadway address for the convenience of the uptown business man. There, and in Horace Greeley's old editorial rooms in the Tribune Building from which went out Greeley's ringing call, "Go West, young man!" "Phila. Jack" O'Brien is personally training scores and hundreds of men toward perfection of body and complete enjoyment of life.

And every graduate of his training course taken by correspondence has the right, **without extra charge,** to come to either of these wonderfully equipped studios in New York or Philadelphia, at any time, and there, **under the personal supervision of "Phila. Jack" O'Brien,** receive what might be called a post-graduate course—a hand-finishing by the champion himself—of the work already completed.

"Phila. Jack" O'Brien Builds the Perfect Body

"Phila. Jack" O'Brien builds perfect bodies for men, women and children. He is no advocate of the uncouth, over-developed muscle-bound distortion of the human form. Grace, suppleness, abounding vitality, elasticity, muscles beautifully developed and instantly responsive—bodies that are a sheer delight to look upon—and to possess—bodies like his own, once weak and puny, now that of an unbeaten World Champion—these are the products of the "Phila. Jack" O'Brien System of Physical Training.

The instructions are amazingly comprehensive, dealing not only with exercises, diet and the like, looking to general muscular development and the maintenance of perfect physical and mental health, but also with boxing, amateur and professional, and with complete rules for ring training, tactics and generalship. Certainly no man lives more competent to advise here than "Phila. Jack" O'Brien.

Apparatus Complete, Including Gloves

The directions are so simple a child can understand and follow them. The apparatus supplied with and included in the small cost of the course is that used by "Phila. Jack" O'Brien in his health institutes. It is complete and includes, without extra charge, **a set of the best 8-oz. professional Boxing Gloves.**

Send the coupon for full details of this unusual course. Fill it out now—and mail IT! You will do yourself a mighty good turn.

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Reminiscenses of a Veteran Sportsman

By AL SPINK

[*Fourth of a series on the Sullivan-Ryan fight.*]

"THE Fancy," those regarded as the representatives of the fistic world, were wonderfully represented at the Sullivan-Ryan fight in 1882. It stood out stronger and more numerous then than ever before or many years afterward. Included among the ringsiders at that fight were men with a king's ransom on their heads.

Included on this list of fight fans, and standing out prominently at the ringside was Red O'Leary, then New York's greatest bank robber. He was a man of great stature and wonderful face. Sitting near him was Dan O'Leary, the champion pedestrian who had beaten the world at home and abroad at the walking game. One represented the highest type in illegal and desperate life and his namesake all that was honest and loyal in the field of sport.

In another group were Frank and Jesse James, the famous train robbers. There were men among the spectators who recognized the notorious James boys as the Edwards brothers, who at one time had raced Jim Malone and other great thoroughbreds up and down the first great racing circuit from St. Louis to New Orleans.

It was only two months after the fight that Jesse was killed by his nephew, Bob Ford, at St. Joe, Missouri, and Frank had surrendered to Governor Thomas T. Crittenden of the "Show Me State."

Often afterwards I met Frank in St. Louis where he was employed as ticket taker at the Standard Theater and often we talked of the wonderful fighter Sullivan proved himself on the day he beat Ryan at Mississippi City.

Jimmy Elliot, the fighter, was at the ringside belittling Sullivan and offering to bet John L. $2,500 that he could not make him quit in four three minute rounds. Sully accepted Jimmy's defi but they did not come together until July 4 of that 1882 year when the Boston Boy met the "Cock-eyed One," as Elliot was then called, and put him away in the third round. A little later Jerry Dunn of Chicago shot and killed Elliot and got away with the killing on a plea of having shot in self-defense.

* * *

STANDING near the James boys at the ringside were three six-foot giants, famous sportsmen of their day. They were John Deery, champion billiardist of the world at that time; Tom Foley, today, at eighty-three, dean of American billiard room keepers, and Billy Emerson, the famous minstrel.

Others at this battle that I can call to mind now were Sam Collyer, Arthur Chambers and Billy Edwards, perhaps the first contenders for the American lightweight championship, and Joe Coburn, who had fought Mace, Allen and other great ones for heavyweight honors. With Coburn was Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish giant, who in his day was the tallest, heaviest and broadest representative of the prize ring.

Standing next to O'Baldwin in great height and weight was Mike McCoole, the St. Louis prize fighter who ten years before had fought Tom Allen and Tom Gallagher for the world's heavyweight championship near St. Louis.

McCoole married a millionaire's daughter at St. Louis, got gay and went broke later and now he was working as a roustabout on the levee at New Orleans. He had taken a day off to see this fight and he greeted Allen, Kelly and his other old friends from St. Louis cordially.

"Who'll win, Mike?" I asked him.

"Look at him," said Mike, pointing at Sully, "who can beat anything that looks like that. He must be bigger than I was about the shoulders when you saw me at my best. I never saw anything that looked quite so good as he does."

* * *

MIKE told in a good natured way the story of his downfall, of how he had gotten his start in the prize ring by beating Aaron Jones, who had fought two battles with Tom Sayers in England, and of how he had made thousands out of his fights with Allen and Gallagher; of how he had opened a saloon in St. Louis and of how happy he was until one night his wife ran away with one of his bartenders.

And then Mike told of his search for his missing spouse which ended in the loss of all his money and jewels until now he was juggling cotton bales and rolling barrels of sugar and molasses on the levee at New Orleans. It was both a funny and sympathetic story and both McCoole and friends laughed as he told it.

Listening to McCoole with the rest was Bill Clarke, the "Belfast Chicken." He was one of the few at the ringside who was on deck at this battle who had seen Heenan and Sayers fight in England in 1860.

"This Boston boy looks like a wonder to me," said Bill. "To be frank I feel a little bit sorry for my friend Paddy. I am afraid he is in for an awful whalin'."

Clark at this time and long afterwards was considered a great judge of fighters. Bill had seen more fights with the bare knuckles than any other man at the ring side. Beside the Sayers-Heenan, the Belfast Chicken had witnessed the great fight between Tom Sayers and Nat Langham at Lakenham, England, on October 18, 1853.

* * *

SAYERS and Langham fought sixty-one rounds with their bare hands. Although the fight went to Langham, he was punished so severely that he was never fit to fight again. Sayers, however, went on, and in 1857 he fought two fearful battles with the bares, Aaron Jones being his opponent.

In their first fight, after sixty-two rounds, a draw was declared. Each man was hardly able to stand up from the punishment he had received. The fight was so sensational that thirty-one days later they met again, and this time after eighty-two rounds Sayers was declared the winner.

The Belfast Chicken told of these battles and pronounced them the cruelest ever fought in England or anywhere else.

The Belfast Chicken fought more than a thousand fights in his time and at eighty-eight had no scar of battle.

That was because Langham and the best of the old fighters in England more than half a century ago had shown him how to box.

Soon in his early youth, Clark rose rapidly in the world of sport, meeting all comers in England, Ireland and Scotland. He won most of his fights.

* * *

BILL in these fights fought late and early. He often told of one of his battles which began in the early evening and lasted so long that the crowd went home to breakfast, but returned to see the finish.

These fights were all fought under the management of an "association" which owned the clubhouse, and Bill religiously received two pounds, or $10 in American money, for each battle he took part in, win or lose.

After a little of this "association" life, the Belfast Chicken set out for himself. He toured the British Kingdom with a company of pugilists, meeting all comers.

The troupe would enter a town, pitch its tents and set up a ring in the center. Then a "barker" would go out to challenge any man to fight Bill Clark or any member of his gang. Some big fellow would accept and the gloves would be tossed out to him. The crowd would strip its man and then filed in after him, paying an admission fee as they entered the tent.

Many of these opponents of Clark at this time were from the English or Irish foundries, of great muscular strength and hard as nails, and Bill often broke his hands or fingers on them.

To his St. Louis friends Clark often held out his battered hands and then showed his face void of scars to prove that while he had often landed on the other fellow the other fellow had seldom landed on him.

* * *

THE Belfast Chicken was a fast thinker and a quick wit.

One day Parson Davies, of Chicago, brought Charley Mitchell, the English boxer, and Frank Slavin, the "Sydney Cornstalk," to box in Bill's Natatorium in St. Louis.

At the last moment the police interfered and would not allow the two to put on the gloves.

"I've advertised an exhibition," said Clark to the police, "and, by the Lord Harry, they'll give it."

"No, indeed," said the officers of the law.

Then out of his hope chest Bill brought a pair of foils and handed one to Mitchell and the other to Slavin and told them to go on and give an exhibition as they had advertised to do.

They saw the game and went on.

While the boxers were fencing Bill gathered up all the money the box office had taken in and went south with it. A little later a big crowd surrounded the box office and the men demanded their money back. There would have been a riot, but the policemen who had sanctioned the fencing to save their own hides, made the mob clear out.

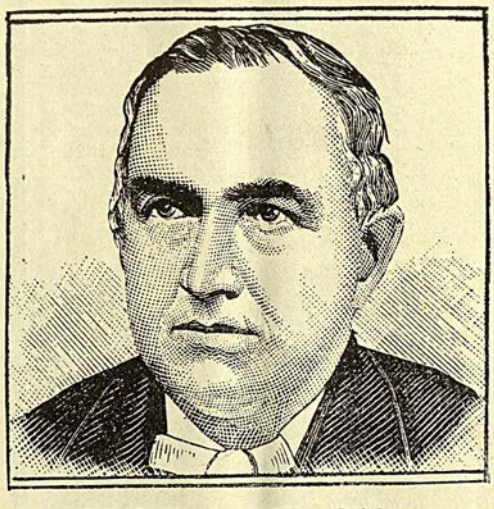
An hour later Clark and Davies and the fighters were seen in Tony Faust's, then the show place and real tank of the town, and above all other voices could be heard that of the Belfast Chicken shouting:

"Come one! Come all! Let's wash out! Only the real stuff goes!" And over the counter came goblets of champagne, and into Tony's strong box went the night's receipts of the Natatorium.

"Of course, somebody had to get the worst of this," said Bill a little later. "I felt it in my bones. But I made sure it wasn't going to be me."

In this 1882 year the Belfast Chicken still owned the big Natatorium in St. Louis. He was a water fiend. He believed that hot or cold water would cure any ill on earth.

Until his seventy-fifth year Bill could spar or box as well as any youngster.



Bill Clark, the Belfast Chicken

He died in his eighty-eighth year.

Bill had seen all the great boxers since that time in 1850 when Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher, was the champion of England.

Of all the crowd at this fight no one was so well up on all the rules and knew so much about the old and later battles as the Belfast Chicken. Aside from that, he was a fine respector of all the amenities of life and he was such a fine diplomat that both Sully and Ryan and the friends of these two listened eagerly to the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of the veteran.

* * *

JAMES KEENAN, of 95 Portland Street, Boston, was asked how he was betting.

"I'm from Boston," James replied, "and down our way we always feel sorry for the other fellow when he's fighting this kid of ours. I am backing Sully, of course."

Peter McCoy, Arthur Chambers and Harry Hicken were grouped near Sully's corner where Billy Madden was in charge. They had bet their all on Sully's winning and had put up 2 to win 1, at that.

Arthurs Chambers, John Clark and Mike Cleary were the big three from Philadelphia at this fight. Cleary was pointed out as the man who had whipped Jimmy Weeden, who had killed Jack Walker in 1876 in a mill near Philadelphia. Weeden himself died in prison a little later from the punishment he had received in his fight with Walker, which was said to have been one of the most terrific ever fought and which resulted in the death of both winner and loser. This is the only occurrence of that sort in the entire history of the fight game, ancient or modern.

Joe Goss, who had lost the championship to Paddy Ryan, thought Sullivan would have an easy victory. He said he had never before seen such a man as Sully.

Six swells who came and went away with Sully from this fight and who made up the Boston Boy's entourage during the early and prosperous days of his career were Billy Madden, Patsy Sheppard, of Boston; Pete McCoy and Bob Farrell, of New York, and Mike Cleary, of Philadelphia. The prize ring has never seen a finer lot of swells than were this crowd when they were all together and busy as bees spending Sully's money and drinking his wine.

* * *

OF the newspaper men at the ring side no one was more richly garbed than Billy Harding, who represented the Police Gazette at the battles in that ancient time. He also was the first sporting editor of the New York Herald.

Sully and others called him "Dick Fox's man Friday." Billy wore diamonds on his chest, on his breast and on his fingers and at this fight looked a good deal as Lillian Russell did that night she moved Tiffany's down to the Broadway Theatre to help celebrate the Weber and Field's reunion. Beside the diamonds Billy wore a moustache that was waxed at both ends and that made him look like a French count, or a no-account, or something.

Next to Harding and best known of the writers at this fight was J. B. McCormick of the Cincinnati Enquirer, who for years afterwards under the nom de plume "Macon" wrote wonderful fight stories.

Chumming with Macon was my brother Billy of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, beloved by the old army of fighters, for he had written many of

(*Continued on page* 20)

Joe Beckett the Glass-Jawed Champion of England

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

WHEN the epitaphs are written over the pugilistic grave of Joe Beckett, former heavyweight champion of England, there will be inscribed: "He couldn't learn to fight." And that is one of the strangest facts in the annals of the ancient game. Strange because, as a boy, on a dock, along a country road, in the stable yard of some "pub," in the quiet of a field, Joe could fight against great odds, against bigger boys, and always hold his own, never complaining, never losing.

But in the ring he was a failure—or shall we say, "a successful failure?"

There was one man he could not lick, one might say there still is one man he can't down, and that man is Georges Carpentier. Georges was and is Joe's nemesis.

One would think it odd, nay strange, to discover that Beckett, the laughed at, the ridiculed, the oft-beaten pugilist, began his fistic career at fourteen years of age. One would be surprised because in his last fight with Carpentier, Beckett showed no more skill, no more pugilistic learning than the day he fought his first professional battle.

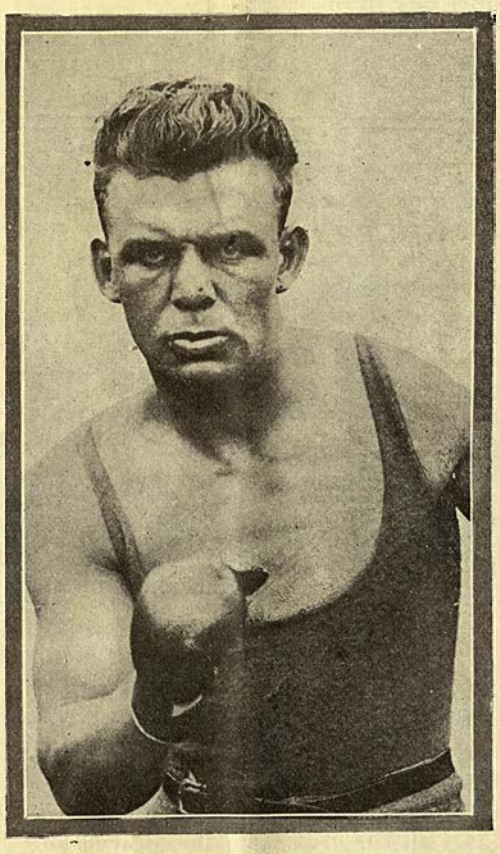
Beckett is one of the strange men of the squared circle. In build and in strength, he was the ideal type for the modern heavyweight. He had courage, perseverance, and yet it availed him nothing, for he could not learn to use his strength and he could not remember from one fight to another what he had seen transpire before. The lessons of one bout were as naught in another. He was, however, strangely endowed with the ability to come back and beat an opponent who previously had beaten him.

All save one! That one was Georges the Gorgeous!

Joe came of poor parents, and before he had touched twelve he was on the road with a caravan of troupers, going from fair to fair, leading the free and easy, but rough and hazardous life of a gypsy. No gypsy caravan ever lacked for children, and Joe had to resist the grouped male youth of this particular caravan.

He whipped them all, daily, weekly, until he was master beyond doubt. And along the way he must needs defend himself from the aggression of the youths of other caravans, against the town bully, against the city slugger. Joe knew no fear, knew no pain, suffered no feeling of inferiority, bubbled with confidence and yet was quiet, reserved, unassuming, never, aggressive, always in the background.

Joe fought his way in this fashion to the professional ring, served in the air force during the war, came from the war back to the ring, became the heavyweight champion—but never learned to fight.



Joe Beckett

And that is strange! Ten years or more of fighting his way through life, found him champion and unschooled in the art of ring craft. You would suppose that the fighting spirit would have bloomed to a bright, glowing red in Joe's soul by that time; that he would have been an indomitable fighting force, but he was not.

He didn't like fighting for one thing. He had fought because it was a case of fighting or perishing. But in each instance he hoped it would be the last.

Unschooled in books, Joe turned to fighting as a means of making a living. He was a mechanic, but mechanics brought little in money, whereas fighting brought much. Joe did not wish for much. He had, and has, a placid mind, an easy going disposition. He is kindly, a little humorous, quiet, home loving, decidedly uncombative. He fought because it meant more to him in money than being a mechanic.

When he was defeated, defeat did not sting him. Reverse did not pester his soul into a frenzy of revenge.

No traditions of the ring appealed to Joe. No sentiment of the ring touched this "glass-jawed" champion. He could not grasp the science of the game, but he saw money coming in and he let it go at that.

Easy going! easily pleased!

The final tilt with Carpentier—rather the last one, for the unsentimental Joe may fight Georges again—left Beckett at the threshold of a new life. He now is married. Mrs. Beckett frowns upon the ring. She did not marry a champion, as she says, but the man, Joe Beckett, and she proposes to keep him out of future ring combats. In fact she despises the champion, as such, but she loves Joe Beckett, and Joe, calm, unperturbed, a whimsical look upon his browned face, well-to-do in a money sense, now, does not care if he fights again or not.

Thus Joe Beckett, who is spoken of as a fine man, a poor fighter, former heavyweight champion of England, closes his pugilistic book, mayhap to reopen it, but in any event, not to regret its closing.

REMINISCENCES OF A VETERAN

(*Continued from page* 19)

their articles of agreement. He was a favorite with all. He had heaps of friends as well as enemies.

Big Meacham of the Chicago Tribune and Joe Elliot of the New York Herald were two other famous fight writers who were on deck.

Still another present of the newspaper colony was George Alfred Townsend, famous then and for years afterwards as "Gath." He wrote of politics and current topics of all sorts including prize fighting.

[*The last installment will appear in the next issue.*]

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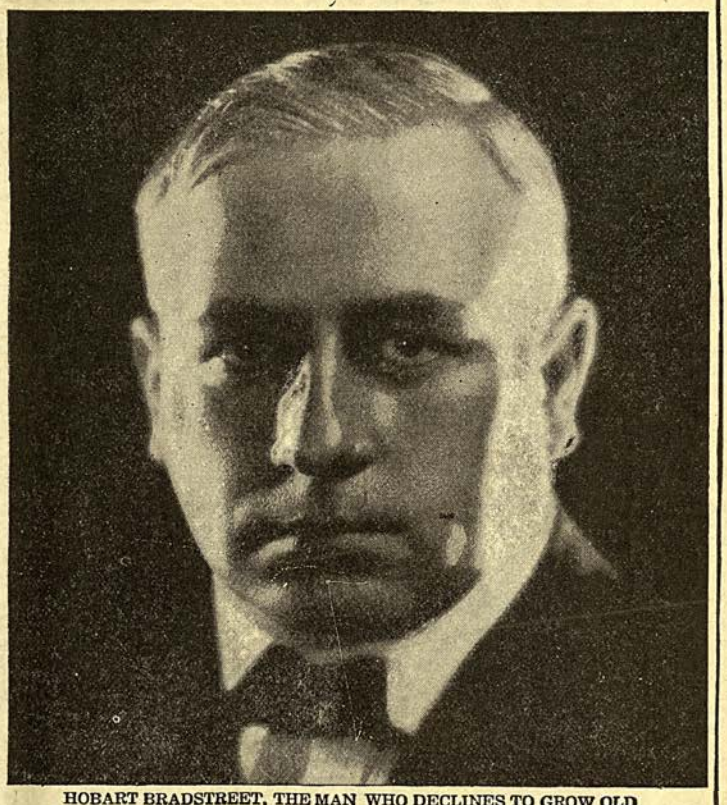
Can You Guess This Man's Age?

See if You Can Tell Within 25 Years; the Author Couldn't; But He Stuck With Hobart Bradstreet Until He Revealed His Method of Staying Young

By WILLIAM R. DURGIN



HOBART BRADSTREET, THE MAN WHO DECLINES TO GROW OLD

I USED to pride myself on guessing people's ages. That was before I met Hobart Bradstreet, whose age I missed by a quarter-century. But before I tell you how old he really is, let me say this:

My meeting-up with Bradstreet I count the luckiest day of my life. For while we often hear how our minds and bodies are about 50% efficient—and at times feel it to be the truth—he knows *why*. Furthermore, he knows how to overcome it—in five minutes—and he showed me *how*.

This man offers no such bromides as setting-up exercises, deep-breathing, or any of those things you know at the outset you'll never do. He uses a principle that is the foundation of all chiropractic, naprapathy, mechano-therapy, and even osteopathy. Only he does not touch a hand to you; it isn't necessary.

The reader will grant Bradstreet's method of staying young worth knowing and using, when told that its originator (whose photograph reproduced here was taken a month ago) is sixty-five years old!

And here is the secret: *he keeps his spine a half-inch longer than it ordinarily would measure.*

Any man or woman who thinks just one-half inch elongation of the spinal column doesn't make a difference should try it! It is easy enough. I'll tell you how. First, though, you may be curious to learn why a full-length spine puts one in an entirely new class physically. The spinal column is a series of tiny bones, between which are pads or cushions of cartilage. Nothing in the ordinary activities of us humans stretches the spine. So it "settles" day by day, until those once soft and resilient pads become thin as a safety-razor blade—and just about as hard. One's spine (the most wonderfully designed shock-absorber known) is then an unyielding column that transmits every shock straight to the base of the brain.

Do you wonder folks have backaches and headaches? That one's nerves pound toward the end of a hard day? Or that a nervous system may periodically goes to pieces? For every nerve in one's body connects with the spine, which is a sort of central switchboard. When the "insulation", or cartilage, wears-down and flattens-out, the nerves are exposed, or even impinged—and there is trouble on the line.

Now, for proof that subluxation of the spine causes most of the ills and ailments which spell "age" in men or women. Flex your spine—"shake it out"—and they will disappear. You'll feel the difference in *ten minutes*. At least, I did. It's no trick to secure complete spinal laxation as Bradstreet does it. But like everything else, one must know how. No amount of violent exercise will do it; not even chopping wood. As for walking, or golfing, your spine settles down a bit firmer with each step.

Mr. Bradstreet has evolved from his 25-year experience with spinal mechanics a simple, boiled-down formula of just five movements. Neither takes more than one minute, so it means but five minutes a day. But those movements! I never experienced such compound exhilaration before. I was a good subject for the test, for I went into it with a dull headache. At the end of the second movement I thought I could actually feel my blood circulating. The third movement in this remarkable SPINE-MOTION series brought an amazing feeling of exhilaration. One motion seemed to open and shut my backbone like a jack-knife.

I asked about constipation. He gave me another motion—a peculiar, writhing and twisting movement—and fifteen minutes later came a complete evacuation!

Hobart Bradstreet frankly gives the full credit for his conspicuous success to these simple secrets of SPINE-MOTION. He has traveled about for years, conditioning those whose means permitted a specialist at their beck and call. I met him at the Roycroft Inn, at East Aurora. Incidentally, the late Elbert Hubbard and he were great pals; he was often the "Fra's" guest in times past. But Bradstreet, young as he looks and feels, thinks he has chased around the country long enough. He has been prevailed upon to put his SPINE-MOTION method in form that makes it now generally available.

I know what these remarkable mechanics of the spine have done for me. I have checked up at least twenty-five other cases. With all sincerity I say nothing in the whole realm of medicine or specialism can quicker re-make, rejuvenate and restore one. I wish you could see Bradstreet himself. He is arrogantly healthy; he doesn't seem to have any nerves. Yet he puffs incessantly at a black cigar that would floor some men, drinks two cups of coffee at every meal, and I don't believe he averages seven hours sleep. It shows what a sound nerve-mechanism will do. He says a man's powers can and should be unabated up to the age of 60, in every sense, and I have had some astonishing testimony on that score.

Would you like to try this remarkable method of "coming back?" Or, if young, and apparently normal in your action and feelings, do you want to see your energies just about doubled? It is easy. No "apparatus" is required. Just Bradstreet's few, simple instructions, made doubly clear by his photographic poses of the five positions. Results come amazingly quick. In less than a week you'll have new health, new appetite, new desire, and new capacities; you'll feel years lifted off mind and body. This miracle-man's method can be tested without risk. If you feel enormously benefited, everything is yours to keep and you have paid for it all the enormous sum of $3.00! Knowing something of the fees this man has been accustomed to receiving, I hope his naming $3.00 to the general public will have full appreciation.

The $3.00, which pays for everything, is not sent in advance, nor do you make any payment or deposit on delivery. Requests will be answered in turn. Try how it feels to have a full-length spine, and you'll henceforth pity men and women whose nerves are in a vise!

HOBART BRADSTREET, Suite 54C4,
630 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I will try your SPINE-MOTION without risk if you will provide necessary instructions. Send everything postpaid, without any charge or obligation, and I will try it five days. If I find SPINE-MOTION highly beneficial I can remit just $3.00 in full payment; otherwise I will return the material and will owe you nothing.

Name _____

Address _____

Results of Boxing Bouts

AUGUST

5—Los Angeles, Calif.:
California Joe Lynch beat George Rivers, four rounds.
Alex Trambitac beat Bobby Corbett, four rounds.

5—San Bernardino, Calif.:
Johnny Crella and Young Terry, four-round draw.

5—Denver, Colo.:
Abe Mishkind beat Jack Doyle, three rounds.

6—San Francisco, Calif.:
Joe Roche beat Bud Soules, four rounds.
Jack O'Dare beat Soldier Burke, four rounds.
Joe Golden stopped Red Reynolds, three rounds.
Smiling Henry Bricker knocked out Jimmy Roberts, two rounds.
Rex Powers beat Billy Heims, four rounds.
Harry Baker beat Nick Karastas, four rounds.
Johnny Fiske beat Kewpie Ecklund, four rounds.
Sketter Hennessey and Tony Cruze, four-round draw.

7—San Pedro, Calif.:
Sammy Santos beat Billy Young, four rounds.

7—San Mateo, Calif.:
Harry Wallace drew with Bobby Ertle, four rounds.
Min Minnick and George Decker, four-round draw.
Joe Coffey drew with Al Walker, four rounds.

8—Englewood, N. J.:
Sonny Smith beat Harry Gordon, twelve rounds.

8—Compton, Calif.:
Pico Ramies beat Joe Pimenthal, four rounds.

8—Portland, Ore.:
Babe Herman beat King Leopold, ten rounds.

8—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Johnny Adams beat Johnny Trambitas, four rounds.

8—Dreamland Rink, San Francisco, Calif.:
Joe Miller drew with Johnny Jordon, four rounds.
Tommy Cello stopped Johnny Fugate, four rounds.
Eddie Mahoney beat Billy Hines, four rounds.
George Spencer beat Eddie Macey, four rounds.
Battling Murray beat Sailor Hughes, four rounds.
Mickey Gibbons beat Walter McDevitts, four rounds.
Art Emery and Bobby Pierce, four-round draw.

9—Commonwealth, S. C.:
Tony Vaccarelli beat Joe Scappatone, ten rounds.
Al Brown knocked out George McNally, four rounds.
Johnny Gardner knocked out Arthur Marvin, seven rounds.
Al Diamond drew with Kid Fly, six rounds.

9—Ridgewood Grove S. C., Brooklyn:
Chief Halbran beat K. O. Jaffe, ten rounds.
Sergeant Sammy Baker beat Willie Shaw, six rounds.
Irving Goldberg stopped Young Angello, three rounds.
Sid Burt beat Johnny Gleason, six rounds.
Benny Tell drew with Bobby Green, six rounds.
Charley Morris beat Abe Rosofsky, four rounds.

10—Mexicali, Lower California:
Vic Alexander beat Kid Savage, twenty rounds.

11—Queensboro, L. I.:
Jack Renault beat Bartley Madden, twelve rounds.
Larry Estridge beat Panaman Joe Gans, ten rounds.
Sabino Morocco and Sammy Singleton, six-round draw.
Carl Johnson knocked out Jimmy Martin, two rounds.

11—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Homer Smith beat Battling Siki, ten rounds.

11—Brall's Arena, Freeport, L. I.:
Wilbur Cohen beat Willie La Monte, twelve rounds.
Sammy Marino beat Ivan Hawes, twelve rounds.
Lew Williams knocked out Sonny Williams, two rounds.
Frank Lattimer beat Marty Mounth, four rounds.

11—Newark, N. J.:
Johnny Gill beat Berthelemy Molinero, twelve rounds.

11—Oakland A. A., New Jersey:
Jimmy Goodrich beat Johnny Darcy, twelve rounds.
Johnny Green beat Joe Clifford, twelve rounds.

11—Scranton, Pa.:
Pete Latzo stopped Frankie Quill, three rounds.

11—Utica, N. Y.:
Sailor Pacilio beat Kid Blair, twelve rounds.
Red Mack beat Young Joey, ten rounds.

11—Boston, Mass.:
Pat McCarthy beat Wolf Larsan, ten rounds.

11—Laurel A. C., Newark:
Bobby Micheals beat Jack Green, twelve rounds.

11—Bayonne, N. J.:
Willie Shaw beat Charley Woody, eight rounds.

11—Chicago, Ill.:
Buddie Taylor beat Pete Samiento, ten rounds.

11—Detroit, Mich.:
Jock Malone beat Frank Moody, ten rounds.

11—Chicago, Ill.:
Bud Taylor beat Pete Sarmiento, ten rounds.

11—Cleveland, Ohio:
Benny Leonard beat Pal Moran, ten rounds.

11—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Homer Smith beat Battling Siki, ten rounds.

11—Bakerfield:
Battling Chink knocked out Billy Lakeman, three rounds.

11—Newark, N. J.:
Johnny Gill beat Berthelemy Molinero, twelve rounds.

11—Scranton, Pa.:
Pete Latzo knocked out Frankie Quill, three rounds.

12—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Dave Shade drew with Bert Colima, four rounds.

12—Charleston, S. C.:
Young Stribling knocked out Leo Leonard, three rounds.
Lew Mayrs beat Boots Antley, ten rounds.

12—Denver, Colo.:
George Manley knocked out Mike Shubert, two rounds.
Jack Matlock knocked out Jack Boyd, one round.

12—Seattle, Wash.:
Bobby Harper and Spug Myers, six-round draw.
Travis Davis beat Billy Gardeau, six rounds.

12—San Bernardino, Calif.:
Georges La Voie beat Johnny La Rose, four rounds.

12—Charleston, S. C.:
Young Stribling knocked out Leo Leonard, three rounds.

12—Victoria, B. C.:
Joe Bayley and Peggy Mortan, ten rounds, draw.

12—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Bert Colima and Dave Shade, four rounds, draw.
George Lavigne beat Leonard Fox, four rounds.

12—San Antonio, Texas:
Tiger Flowers knocked out Oscar Mortimer, six rounds.

13—Mitchell Field, L. I.:
Sammy Baker knocked out Bobby Schiller, six rounds.
Jack Adnit drew with Yves Horrellou, eight rounds.
Jack Worman knocked out Eugene La Fanti, four rounds.

13—Red Bank, N. J.:
Georgie Ward knocked out Frankie Gill, seven rounds.

13—Southbridge, Mass.:
Sailor Bryon knocked out Toby Doherty, three rounds.

13—Baltimore, Md.:
Mickey Papner beat Pat Mills, five rounds.

13—Deauville, France:
Andre Routis beat Henri Hebrans, fifteen rounds.

13—Louisville, Ky.:
Ralph Brady beat Joe Moore, ten rounds.

13—Cincinnati, Ohio:
Tim Droney beat Joe Anderson, ten rounds.

13—National Hall, California:
Pete Daley beat Johnny O'Connor, ten rounds.
Jack O'Dair knocked out "Truck" Hanna, one round.
Pat Lester knocked out Jack Burns, one round.
Eddie Revel and Angelo Pappas, four rounds, draw.
Brent Cross beat Rex Powers, four rounds.
Buddy Ryan kayoed Paul Miller, two rounds.
"Skeeter" Hennessy beat Billy Locke, four rounds.
Al Robinson beat Tim Early, four rounds.

14—Henderson Bowl, Brooklyn:
Jack Bernstein beat Luis Vincentini, twelve rounds.
Frankie Monroe beat Jack Hauser, twelve rounds.
Willie Seuss beat Delos Williams, six rounds.
Izzy Cooper drew with Joe Malone, four rounds.

14—102d Medical Regiment:
Billy Wells beat Otto Pierce, ten rounds.
Red McGee beat Joe Traverski, eight rounds.
Gavino Damair drew with Ted Kid Lewis, eight rounds.
Dutch Saitler beat Frankie Eaton, four rounds.
Artie Bloom stopped Jimmy Emprote, one round.

14—New Haven, Conn.:
Rocky Smith beat Kid Carson, ten rounds.

14—Providence, R. I.:
Harry Martin beat Spencer Gardner, ten rounds.
Jimmy Wilde beat Young Kansas, ten rounds.

14—San Pedro, Calif.:
Sammy Santos beat Larry Murphy, four rounds.

14—Santa Barbara, Calif.:
Eddie Mahoney beat Eddie Murray, ten rounds.

14—Phoenix, Ariz.:
Dandy Dick Griffin beat Young Farrell, ten rounds.

14—Fort Thomas, Ky.:
Buddy O'Kent beat Mickey Murphey, ten rounds. Lightweight.
Danny Shore beat Lou Henaberry, six rounds. Featherweight.
Lefty Frank knocked out Jud Miller, two rounds. Welter.
Tony LaRose beat Vincent Hogue, four rounds. Light.
Kid Richie beat Young Obreen, four rounds. Feather.
Dutch Etzel beat Ed Hawkins, four rounds. Feather.
Corp. Sexton knocked out Cecil Mayhorn, two rounds. Light.

14—Youngstown, Ohio:
Sammy Mandell beat Eddie Wagner, twelve rounds.
Babe Picato beat Andy Bowen, six rounds.
Young Dill knocked out Billy Welsh, two rounds.
Hunnison beat Mennehan, four rounds.

15—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway Beach:
Charley (Phil) Rosenberg beat Joe Souza, twelve rounds.
Hilly Levine beat Wee Willie Spencer, twelve rounds.
Willie O'Connell beat Billy Marlowe, six rounds.
Abraham Moses knocked out Philip Souza, four rounds.

15—Boston, Mass.:
Paul Berlenbach knocked out Joe (Hambone) Kelly, four rounds.

15—Long Branch, N. J.:
Carl Johnson beat Sailor Maxted, ten rounds.
Lou Sarno knocked out Pete Morino, five rounds.

15—Elizabeth Athletic Club, N. J.:
Erminio Spalla knocked out Fred Mays, two rounds.

15—Manchester, N. H.:
Robby Ruttenberg beat Frankie Herbert, ten rounds.

15—Chicago, Ill.:
Sully Montgomery-Tut Jackson bout, called, lack of interest.

15—Wilkes-Barre, Ba.:
Joe Gans defeated Jack McVey, ten rounds.

15—Dreamland A. C., Oakland, Calif.:
Joe Miller and Hank Roberts, four rounds.
Cliff Ramies beat Eddie McGovern, four rounds.
Tommy Cello beat Billy Alger, two rounds.
Bobby Ertle beat Teddy Seidman, four rounds.
Sailor Hughes and Charley Martino, four rounds, draw.
"Kid" Davis beat Kid Louis, four rounds.
Herman Auerbach beat "Rube" Sandaval, two rounds.

15—Spokane, Wash.:
Bill Wright beat Eddie Richards, four rounds.
George McCormick knocked out Richie Davis, two rounds.

15—Bakersfield, Calif.:
Benny Palmer beat Billy Lakeman, four rounds.

15—Yakima, Wash.:
Travie Davis and K. O. Weeks, six rounds, draw.

17—Commonwealth:
Jose Lombardo beat Herman (Kid) Silvers, ten rounds.
Bobby Risdon knocked out Sammy Smith, two rounds.
Kid Alberts knocked out Jack Ketchell, six rounds.
Benny Nabers beat Enrique Savardo, six rounds.

17—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club:
Sonny Smith and Frankie Albana, twelve-round draw.
Johnny Kochansky beat August Picano, six rounds.
Bernie Hufnagle beat Artie Marvin, six rounds.
Billy Vidabeck knocked out Jack (Fitz) Davies, four rounds.
Lew Goldberg and Tony Allicino, four-round draw.
Joey Dorando knocked out Joe Kestner, five rounds.

18—Queensboro Stadium, L. I. City:
Kid Sullivan beat Pepper Martin, fifteen rounds.
Tommy Milton beat Sammy Cohen, eight rounds.
Willie Kohler beat Jimmy Mars, eight rounds.
Buck Losephs and Billy Miller, four rounds, draw.
Al Scorda beat Mike Satnick, four rounds.

18—Johnson City, Tenn.:
Young Stribling knocked out Jack Stone, four rounds.

18—Oakdale A. A. Jersey City, N. J.:
Billy Britton beat Vic McLaughlin, twelve rounds.
Frankie Dundee knocked out Mickey Lewis, seven rounds.

18—Grand Rapids, Mich.:
Bob Fitzsimmons, Jr., beat Soldier King, ten rounds.

18—Columbus, Ohio:
Gene Tunney knocked out Joe Lohman, eight rounds.

18—Cleveland, Ohio:
Sammy Mandell and Archie Walker, ten rounds, draw.
Kid Durand beat Don Carson, six rounds.

18—Cincinnati, Ohio:
Lew Tendler beat K. O. Mars, ten rounds.

18—Louisville, Ky.:
Harry Fay knocked out Billy McGowan, seven rounds.

18—Troy, N. Y.:
Harry Martone knocked out Willie Walker, five rounds.

18—Scranton, Pa.:
Billy Pollock knocked out Billy Devanny, seven rounds.
Tony Perry beat Mike Chaplin, six rounds.

18—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Willie Cunningham beat Tommy O'Toole, ten rounds.

18—Utica, N. Y.:
Bushey Graham beat Harold Farese, twelve rounds.

19—New Orleans, La.:
Pancho Villa beat Amos "Kid" Carlin, fifteen rounds.

19—Henderson's Bowl, Brooklyn:
Sid Terris beat Benny Valger, ten rounds.
Joie Silvers beat Joe Glick, ten rounds.
Tony Vacarelli and Micky Brown, ten rounds, draw.
Harry Felix beat Marty Silvers, six rounds.
Sammy Aaronson beat Artie Pierce, four rounds.

19—Seattle, Wash.:
Tiny Herman beat Floyd Johnson, six rounds.
Rocco Atramagalia knocked out Eddie Huffman, one round.

19—San Jose, Calif.:
Hank Roberts and Young Dudley, four rounds.
Min Minnick beat Young Thompson, four rounds.

19—San Antonio, Texas.:
Kid Pancho beat Budd Morris, two rounds.

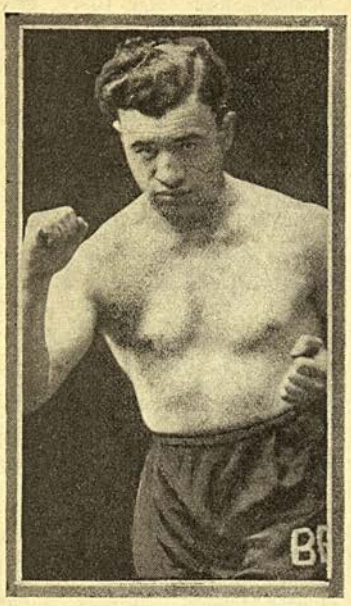
19—Denver, Colo.:
Izzy Tanner beat Danny Burns, three rounds.
Eddie McCarthy beat Lon Angeles, four rounds.

19—San Bernardino, Calif.:
Checkie Herman beat Georges Lavoie, four rounds.

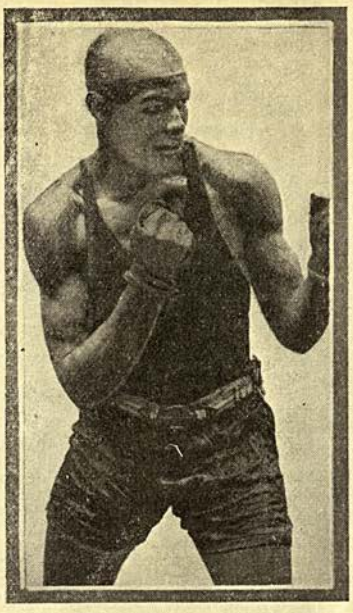
19—Fresno, Calif.:
Eddie Mahoney beat Freddie Bonillas, four rounds.
19—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Teddy Silva and Georgie Rivers, four rounds, draw.
20—Lorain, Ohio:
Mike Conroy beat Battling Siki, eight rounds.
Jose Lombardo and Chuck Feldman, ten rounds, draw.
20—Mitchel Field A. C., L. I.:
Frankie Carpenter beat Tommy Madden, ten rounds.
Yves Horrellou beat Andy Tucker, eight rounds.
Young Ebbets beat Sammy Minoff, six rounds.
20—Bangor, Me.:
Jack Sharkey beat young Jack Johnson, six rounds.
20—Omaha, Neb.:
Morrie Schlaifer knocked out Warnie Smith, seven rounds.
20—Birmingham, Ala.:
Claude Wilson beat Boots Antley, ten rounds.
20—Red Bank, N. J.:
Johnny Green knocked out Frankie Fritz, two rounds.
20—Bangor, Me.:
Lew Chester beat Bing Conley, ten rounds.
20—Oakland, Calif.:
Joe Simonich beat Willie Ritchie, four rounds.
20—Fight Auditorium, Omaha:
Morrie Schlaifer knocked out Warnie Smith, seven rounds.
Ace Hudkins beat Ever Hammer, seven rounds.
Jack Menlo beat Speedy Moulton, four rounds.
Mike Rozgall beat Joe Bowman, four rounds.
Sammy Gross knocked out Johnny Sesto, two rounds.
21—Fremont, Ohio:
Harry Greb beat Tiger Flowers, ten rounds.
Red Harring beat Larry Avers, six rounds.
Lester Philbin beat Joe Sullivan, six rounds.
21—102d Medical Regiment Armory, New York:
Jack Tilyou beat Wildman Gould, twelve rounds.
Mickey Black beat Vincent Sanchez, eight rounds.
Petey White beat Eddie Kane, six rounds.
Jimmy Nolan scored a double knockout over Eddie Richards and Jimmy Dagmiar, both bouts one round.
21—Pottsville, Pa.:
Ad Stone knocked out K. O. Samson, one round.
21—New Haven, Conn.:
Louis Kid Kaplan beat Pal Moran, nine rounds.
21—San Pedro, Cal.:
Larry Murphey beat Stanley McBride, four rounds.
Freddie Wilder and Buck Curtis, four rounds, draw.
22—Benjamin Field, Florida:
"Boots" Antley beat Irish Hickey, ten rounds.
Young Louis beat Tony Leto, eight rounds.
Tony Beluchi beat Calos Diaz, six rounds.
Peter Rivero beat Johnny Barber, four rounds.
22—American Legion Stadium, Hollywood, Cal.:
Bob Sage beat Tom Kelly, four rounds.
Al Grunan beat Gene Delmont, four rounds.
22—Portland, Ore.:
James J. Delaney beat Ray Pelkey, ten rounds.
K. O. Kelly and Young Burmay, four round draw.
22—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway Beach:
Frankie Genaro beat Hilly Levine, twelve rounds.
Sergeant Sammy Baker knocked out Dave Weber, two rounds.
Johnny Vestri beat Harry Herron, six rounds.
Milton Cohen knocked out Charley Campanelli, four rounds.
Sammy Klitzner beat Willie McCarthy, four rounds.
22—Ottawa, Ont.:
Willie Davis beat Allan Holmes, ten rounds.
22—Boston, Mass.:
Archie Walker beat Tony Julian, ten rounds.
Francis Rossi beat Jack Williams, eight rounds.
22—Englewood, N. J.:
Otto Pierce beat Pip Damis, ten rounds.
22—Aurora, Ill.:
Eddie Anderson beat Ernie Gooseman, eight rounds.
Tiger Cline beat Joey O'Hara, eight rounds.
22—New Bedford, Mass.:
Al Shubert beat Charley Manty, ten rounds.
23—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, N. Y.:
Johnny Clinton and Johnny Darcy, six rounds, draw.
Jerry Kenny beat Hong Fong Lee, three rounds.
Archie Bell beat Al Liebowitz, six rounds.
Sammy Marino and Bobby Green, six rounds, draw.
Johnny Gleason beat Joe Geller, six rounds.
Ralph Nischo and Romeo Vaughn, four rounds, draw.
23—Commonwealth Sporting Club, N. Y.:
Charley (Phil) Rosenberg beat Mike Moran, twelve rounds.
Pete Hartley beat Buddy Saunders, twelve rounds.
25—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Jack Renault beat Homer Smith, ten rounds.
25—Detroit, Mich.:
Clarence Rosen beat Tommy Murray, eight rounds.
Jackie Nichols knocked out Teddy Joyce, one round.
Clovis Durant beat Joe McKean, eight rounds.
Tommy Ryan beat Joe Lucas, eight rounds.
Walter Grayjack beat Billy Shaw, eight rounds.
25—Columbus, Ohio:
Billy Britton beat Harry Fay, twelve rounds.
25—Memphis, Tenn.:
Ralph Brady beat Young Leonard, ten rounds.
25—Lancaster, Penn.:
Marty Sullivan defeated Babe Ruth, eight rounds.
26—Shetzline Park, Philadelphia:
Ad Stone beat Mike Conroy, seven rounds.
Nate Goldman beat Sid Barbarian, ten rounds.
Jose Lombardo beat Al Gordon, ten rounds.
Joe Dundee beat Bud Christiano, ten rounds.
26—Atlantic City:
Johnny Mosley beat Sailor Friedman, eight rounds.
26—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Bert Colima beat Joe Egan, four rounds.
Johnny Lamar beat Antone Rizzo, four rounds.
26—Denver, Colo.:
Willie Hope beat Johnny Griffiths, four rounds.
27—Velodrome, N. Y.:
Paul Berlenbach and Young Stribling, six rounds, draw.
K. O. Phil Kaplan beat Eddie Burnbrook, twelve rounds.
Joe Ryder beat Danny Lee, twelve rounds.
Julio Fernansez beat Red Cap Wilson, four rounds.
27—Bridgeport, L. I.:
Jack Delaney knocked out Frank Moody, six rounds.
27—Providence, R. I.:
Jimmy Jones and Benny Ross, ten rounds, draw.
27—Cincinnati, Ohio:
Billy Ryan knocked out Willie Shaw, ten rounds.
27—Baltimore, Md.:
Benny Schwartz beat Jimmy Russo, fifteen rounds.
27—Indianapolis:
Farmer Joe Cooper beat Sidney Glick, ten rounds.
27—Wilmington:
Phil Salvadore and Dick Hoppe, four round draw.
Larry Murphy and Willie O'Brien, four round draw.
27—San Francisco, Cal.:
Sammy Olson beat Jack O'Dare, four rounds.
Sailor Cadena and Jimmy Dunn, four round draw.
Smiling Henry Bricker beat Angelo Pappas, four rounds.
Sammy Offerman beat Johnny Lecatta, four rounds.
Frankie Campbell knocked out Bobby Barret, one round.
Eddie Wolf beat Eddie Hoppe, four rounds.
Al Chesters knocked out Eddie Reilly, two rounds.
Jack Marine knocked out Tony Baroni, four rounds.
28—Queensboro A. C., L. I. C.:
Bud Dempsey beat Ernie Goozman, ten rounds.
Tommy O'Brien beat Cuddy De Marco, ten rounds.
Willie Harmon beat Georgie West, ten rounds.
Joe Werner beat Artie Marvin, six rounds.
Joie Kaufman and Abe Moses, four round draw.
28—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Corporal Izzy Schwartz beat Frankie Ash, ten rounds.
Tommy Milton beat Johnny Breslin, ten rounds.
Sammy Bienfield beat Al Felder, ten rounds.
Lew Perfetti beat Otto Miles, six rounds.
Al Diamond beat Al Kaufman, four rounds.
28—102d Medical Regiment Armory, N. Y.:
Harry Brandon beat Bobby Murray, six rounds.
Johnny Schwartz beat Joe Marini, six rounds.
Jimmy O'Day beat Nat Brandt, six rounds.
Joe Marino knocked out Walter Bennett, three rounds.
Burkie Littlejohn knocked out Martin Pollock, three rounds.
Ray Donahue and Soldier Delaney, four round draw.
Johnny Dalgriss beat Dutch Adler, four rounds.
Artie King knocked out Johnny Denny, three rounds.
28—Oakland A. A.:
Petey Mack and Willie Shugrue, twelve rounds, draw.
Babe Ruth beat Sailor Morse, eight rounds.
Jimmy Sullivan beat Buck Kelly, eight rounds.
28—Cleveland, Ohio:
Carl Tremaine beat Bud Taylor, ten rounds.
Kid Durand beat Scotty Raeburn, six rounds.
28—Laurel Garden, Newark:
Jack Britton beat Jack Rapaport, ten rounds.
28—Fletcher Field, Fairview, N. J.:
Wildman Gould beat Pip Damis, ten rounds.
28—Paterson, N. J.:
Erminio Spalla beat Martin Burke, twelve rounds.
28—Wilkes-barre, Pa.:
Johnny Coolbaugh beat Bobby Levan, six rounds.
28—Hanford:
Mike Solano beat Benny Young, four rounds.
28—San Pedro:
Felix Villamore beat Sammy Lee, four rounds.
Sailor Billy Vincent beat Sailor Foster, four rounds.
28—San Jose:
Young Carman knocked out Harry Shields, two rounds.
Billy Hines and Mason Griffith, four round draw.
29—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway Beach:
Harry (Battling) Leonard and Mike Castle, ten rounds, draw.
Jack Gray beat Frank Carpenter, ten rounds.
Sonny Cashin beat Jackie Marlow, ten rounds.
Andy Tucker and Jack Worman, six rounds, draw.
29—Boston, Mass.:
Quintin Romero knocked out Jack Sharkey, eight rounds.
Kid Lee beat John Darcy, eight rounds.
Eddie Zine beat Babe Adams, six rounds.
Stone, two rounds.
Harry Patten knocked out Rocky
29—Long Branch, N. J.:
Lou Sano beat Bud Spradley, ten rounds.
29—Boston, Mass.:
George "Kid" Lee beat Johnny Darcy, ten rounds.
29—West New York Playgrounds, (N. J.):
Jimmy Francis beat Soldier Bartfield, twelve rounds.
29—Wilkes-Barre:
Pete Latzo beat Frankie Venchell, ten rounds.
29—Walla Walla, Wash.:
Oakland Billy Harmes and Billy Wright, six round draw.
29—Seattle:
Tiny Herman knocked out Rocco Stramaglia, one round.
29—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Johnny Adams knocked out Johnny Trambitas, four rounds.
Racehorse Roberts beat Kid Williams, four rounds.
29—Fresno, Cali.:
Joe Bell stopped Tony Bonillas, two rounds.
Joe Chaney drew with Billy Ray, four rounds.
29—Bakersfield:
Mike Solano beat Tony Montero, four rounds.
Battling Chink beat Bobby Herman, four round.
29—Dreamland Rink, San Francisco, Cali.:
Bobby Corbett drew with Joe Miller, four rounds.
Joe Roach beat Terry Adams, four rounds.
Tommy O'Leary was beaten by George Spencer, four rounds.
Jack Regan beat Willie Louis, four rounds.
Charlie Singer beat Harry Baker, four rounds.
Lefty Cooper knocked out Sailor Billy Quinn, one round.
Johnny Francis beat Earl Matson, four rounds.
30—Commonwealth S. C.:
Kid Alberts beat Harry Martone, ten rounds.
Al Brown beat Spark Plug Russell, ten rounds.
Dave Montrose beat Wilbur Cohen, ten rounds.
Frankie Curly and Romeo Vaughn, six round draw.
Mike Satnick beat Murray Bresner, four rounds.
30—Ridgewood Grove S. C., Brooklyn:
Jackie Gordon beat Irish Johnny Curtin, six rounds.
Johnny Kochansky beat Augie Pisano, six rounds.
Irving Goldberg beat Alex Taverski, six rounds.
Milton Cohen beat Nick Mercer, six rounds.
Bernie Hufnagie knocked out Sonny Williams, six rounds.
Rudie Miller beat Willie Smith, four rounds.

SEPTEMBER

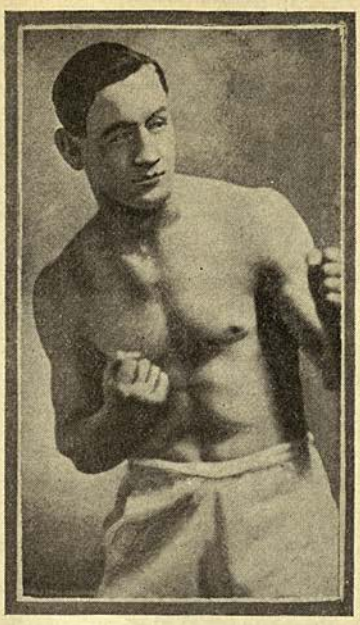
1—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway:
Benny Valgar beat Jackie Force, twelve rounds.
Harry Galfund knocked out Sammy Baker, eight rounds.
Johnny Gannon and Billy Marlow, six round draw.
Abraham Moses beat Johnny Bellis, four rounds.
1—Wheeling, West Va.:
Tiger Flowers knocked out Tut Jackson, eight rounds.
1—Oakland, Cali.:
Dave Shade drew with Jimmy Duffy, four rounds.
1—Macon, Ga.:
Young Stribling beat Bob Fitzsimmons, ten rounds.
1—Spokane, Wash.:
Billy Harmes beat Billy Conley, ten rounds.
1—Tampa, Fla.:
Chick Kansas beat Boots Antley, ten rounds.
Bill Guterriez beat Tommy Diggs, eight rounds.
Ed Burke stopped Kid Sulli, three rounds.
Tony Biluche beat Young Pete, four rounds.
2—Louisville, Ky.:
Eddie O'Dowd and Tim O'Dowd stopped by referee in eight rounds. (No contest).
3—Buffalo:
Harry Greb beat Jimmy Slattery, six rounds.
3—Long Branch, N. J.:
Benny Tell beat Johnny Kid Lewis, eight rounds.
3—Baltimore:
Lew Mayre knocked out Charley Holman, twelve rounds.
4—102nd Medical Regiment Armory:
Sonny Cashin beat Frankie Houlihan, ten rounds.
Sandy Taylor beat Jimmy Gardy, eight rounds.
Red McGee beat Buddy Wallace, eight rounds.
4—Oakland A. A., Jersey City:
Murray Layton beat Frankie Smith, ten rounds.
Johnny Green beat Nick Mercer, ten rounds.
Young Skinner knocked out Dan Lieber, eight rounds.
4—Washington:
Little Jeff beat Young Denico, ten rounds.
4—Harrison, N. J.:
Irish Fagan beat Gats Gargano, twelve rounds.
5—Long Branch, N. J.:
Maxie Rosenblum beat Lew Ferry, ten rounds.
5—Knoxville, Tenn.:
Young Stribling beat Bill Clemons, eight rounds.
5—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Mixer Mitchell beat Young Testo, six rounds.
6—Ridgewood Grove S. C.:
Ernie Gooseman beat Nat Pincus, six rounds.
Harry Felix drew with Billy Henry, six rounds.
Sammy Aaronson beat Sid Burt, six rounds.
Al Scorda beat Carroll Setti, six rounds.
Henry Goldberg beat Herman Brodow, six rounds.
Abe Rosofsky beat Al Kaufman, four rounds.
6—Commonwealth S. C.:
Harry Cook beat Pete Hartley, ten rounds.
Frankie Ritchie beat Johnny Gardner, ten rounds.
Bobby Risden beat Herman Silvers, ten rounds.
Pinkey Silvers beat Harold Kid Fly, six rounds.
Al Clitte knocked out Frank Lattimer, four rounds.



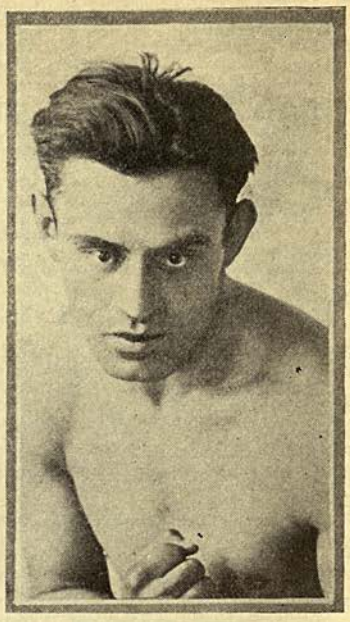
Buck Fleming, Philadelphia featherweight, who is coming to fore.



Santiago Esparraquera, Havana's light heavyweight champion.



Bernie Hufnagle, a rising bantamweight of Brooklyn.



Harry Martone, heavy hitting Jersey battler

Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

JOHNNY DUNDEE'S abdication of the featherweight title is still the sole topic of conversation along Tin Ear Alley. Wily Jimmy Johnston was behind one of the greatest poker-fight moves over a stretch of thirty years. Dundee has his heart set on succeeding Benny Leonard.

The majority of those on the inside of Gotham boxing are rooting for Leonard to emulate his illustrious predecessor, Jack McAuliffe, and retire as the undefeated champion of modern times.

"With Dundee and Leonard out of the way it will give the youngsters renewed ambition, figuring as they will that their efforts will get them somewhere," said an intelligent enthusiast the other day. "I don't care what you say, I can't make myself believe Benny can make 135 pounds any longer. Let him retire and you'll see the division perk up like it hasn't been in some years."

Looks like Georgie Ward has shot his bolt. The veteran welterweight campaigner got an awful shellacing at the hands of Willie Harmon for ten rounds, at the Queensboro Stadium, August 28. The Elizabeth, N. J., boxer, one of the classiest of his kind in the business, took an unmerciful hammering. He didn't show an iota of his former form, and only his gameness pulled him through. Two years ago the Beau Brummel was a topnotcher, and it will be remembered that he gave Mickey Walker two or three bang up battles.

Andy Neiderreiter, who made a fortune making matches for the Ridgewood S. C., rightly named "a gold mine," was let out recently in favor of Clarence S. Gillespie. Andy has reopened the Rink Arena, Brooklyn, August 28, where he is the matchmaker. He staged a corking flyweight tournament. He has many good matches in view. The boys to a man are rooting for the dapper little hustler.

Considerable comment was raised in the wake of Hong Fong Lee's trip to dreamland recently. The Chinaman was knocked for a row of brick tenement houses in three rounds by Jerry Kenny, brother of Wild Burt. It appears, so the gossips have it, that some one had made some promise or other to let the chink stay. Maybe the manager meant what he said, but the big Irishman would have none of it.

"Wot, me let a chink stay!" exclaimed Jerry in his best Tenth Avenue lingo. "For the love o' Moike, how could I go back to the folks with that disgrace. Shure I'll knock him out of the ring if I can do it."

Ernie Goozeman came all the way from Milwaukee on the evening of August 28 to make his Eastern debut. The former bootblack and newsboy of San Diego, Cal., who has since made his home in Milwaukee, put up a splendid battle against Bud Dempsey. In action, Ernie reminded many of the ringside specators as a dead rap for Eddie (Cannonball) Martin and Johnny Dundee. Although he blew the decision, Gotham matchmakers will be glad to use him again.

Johnny Keyes had a diamond in the rough in Tommy Milton, the classy flyweight. Only a few nights ago Tom whipped Johnny Breslin. There is no stopping him now.

Clarence Gillespie, who cuts his own hair, is doing very nicely at the Ridgewood. Thus far he has staged some bang up shows, and the S. R. O. sign has been placed in front of the place an hour or so before the first bout.

Izzy the Painter is broken-hearted over the defeat of Georgie Ward. The sixty-year-old young handler has begun to take nourishment.

Add Archie Bells' name to the list of flyweight contenders. The East New York lad gave a corking boxing exhibition defeating Al Liebowitz, a neighborhood rival, in six rounds at the Ridgewood. He has speed on foot, carries TNT in the right hand, and can take plenty.

Eddie Burnbrook, army welter, making his first appearance in months, is not discouraged over the licking handed him by K. O. Phil Kaplan in the semi-final of the Berlenbach-Stribling affair at the Velodrome August 27. Ed attributed his defeat to two things—his long layoff and Kaplan's tremendous advantage in height, weight and reach. Jimmy Bronson, who is handling Burnbrook, is eager for a return match.

We thought Young Stribling had a shade on Paul Berlenbach at the termination of their round flurry at the Velodrome. The way we looked at it the Georgia Peach had the first, third, fourth and fifth rounds, and the other two belonged to Paul. It was called a draw. Good idea to rematch them. For the first time in two years the Velodrome had almost capacity house. The "gate" netted nearly $40,000. Of this amount Mr. Stribling received about $9,500 and Paul $7,500. Pretty soft for eighteen minutes' fighting! However, comma.

Jeff Smith, the grand old man of the middleweight division, is kept on the move by his managers, Lou Brown and Jimmy Bronson.

The six-round knockout victory scored by Jack Delaney over Frank Moody, the British middleweight, was one of the few sensational performances during the month of September. The French-Canadian took the foreigner into camp at Bridgeport, Conn. He floored him five times before Moody's seconds had sense enough to throw in the sponge. In spite of a layoff of four months due to an attack of appendicitis, Delaney gave a rare exhibition of boxing and hitting. Frankie Marlowe and Pete Reilly, his managers, are anxious to get the Greb plum. Delaney was matched with the king of the 160-pound division just before he was taken ill.

Of all the champions in the making, there is none more promising than Harry Wallach, present New York State amateur, Metropolitan, Long Island and Brooklyn, and Inter-City featherweight champion. Wallach has enjoyed a most successful career among the simon-pures and his brilliance has outshone the remainder of the local crop in the point of ring achievement.

Harry was just nosed out by Joe Salas of Los Angeles for the National Championship at Boston, but he had the satisfaction of beating Jackie Fields, who captured the Olympic Championship at Paris, and who in turn had beaten Salas for that honor.

The New York entry has accumulated 92 consecutive victories, and his advent in the professional ranks shouldn't make much difference in his winning streak. He is a veritable streak of greased lightning in action, and such competent critics as Damon Runyon of the New York American, and Ed Van Every of the Evening World, have declared that he will prove a revelation when he gets started against the recognized top-notchers in the featherweight division.

Wallach has already handed in his resignation to the local Amateur Athletic Union, and is busily preparing for his pro debut which will take place in a few weeks. He will be managed by Eddie Borden of THE RING.

Joey Schwartz, crack bantamweight from Detroit, vehemently denies that he is the Schwartz who was knocked out at the Pioneer Club several months ago. Joey is a crackerjack 118-pounder, and has held his own with the leading bantams of the country. He has clashed with Pancho Villa, Joe Burman, Carl Tremaine, Bud Taylor and others of note.

Phil Gusmano, Detroit lightweight, who made several good showings around New York last season, is performing in his native town and putting over some victories. It is likely that he may return to Gotham for another expedition.

Tom Kirby, National Amateur Heavyweight Champion, who has held the title for two seasons, announces his retirement from the amateur ranks. In the future he will attempt to equal the success he attained in the simon-pures with the professionals. Tom's best fighting weight is about 170 pounds, and after a few preliminary skirmishes he will go after the light-heavyweight crown. Johnny McGrath of Boston, who handles the affairs of Hambone Kelly and Jim Maloney, will direct Kirby's venture.

Jim Maloney, one of the few legitimate Irish heavyweights, who bears future promise, is one of the biggest attractions around the New England States. Maloney in a recent bout with Wolf Larsen was knocked flat on his back in the first round and just about arose at the nine count. He survived that round and after that gave Larsen a thumping that the Wolf will never forget. A match between Jack Sharkey and Maloney would prove a tremendous attraction.

Archie Walker, Harry Lenny's choice for Benny Leonard's successor, will eventually fulfill the predictions advanced by Lenny. Archie's ambitious nature and unbounded confidence in his ability have spurred him onward until he is all prepared to issue his defi to Leonard.

Lenny's enthusiastic ravings about Walker's prowess might bear fruit. His description of the imaginary battle between Leonard and Walker is interesting—and amusing.

"When Leonard begins to lead with his left hand Archie will set himself for a right hand smash, which he has been especially schooled in for the past six months, and if Benny attempts ot cross with his right Walker will beat him to the punch with a left hook. Either blow will contain enough dynamite to put the Lightweight Champion down for the full count."

And the most peculiar part of it is that Lenny is sincere in his belief and actually believes it himself.

Harry Felix, stable-mate of Sid Terris', continues to chalk up victories. Harry is one of the cleverest feathers around here, but has been held back on account of Terris' brightness. A little more time will find him emulating Sidney's accomplishments.

Joey Kaufman, Coney Island Flash, created a favorable impression in Jersey City when he handed out a severe beating to Joe Cole in an eight-round affair. Joey won every round in good style and will most likely meet Johnny Kochansky or Bill Kennedy there in the near future.

Sid Terris eliminated the most-feared man in both junior lightweight and lightweight circles when he outspeeded Benny Valger, the "French Flash," in their ten-round clash at the Henderson's Bowl two weeks ago. Benny has been a stumbling block in the path of many ambitious youngsters, and Terris' triumph will elicit much glee and mirth from many quarters.

On the same card Joey Silvers and Joe Glick, two bitter Brooklyn rivals, repeated the "Battle of the Marne" in ten thrilling sessions, with Silvers winning the decision. Silvers floored Glick four times in the first two rounds, but through a display of rare courageous spirit, Glick finished the distance, despite a fearful drubbing.

Mickey Brown, East Side gamester, gave another exhibition of his pugilistic prowess when he held Tony Vaccarelli even in another ten-rounder.

Mickey is one of the "clubbers" in this or any other vicinity, and this latest achievement entitles him to more praise.

Benny Schwartz, Baltimore flyweight, who has engaged in a fifteen-round contest with Pancho Villa, losing the decision but putting up a good showing, has joined hands with Eddie Mead. In the future will be guided by that genial mitt manipulator.

Benny is the possessor of an excellent record gained by virtue of meeting the best crop of flyweights in the country. These two should make a corking combination.

It seems that Jimmy Marsh has finally located a good fighter. He is Joey Dorando. Dorando is a young Jersey featherweight with plenty of class, and terrific punching powers in either hand. Dorando knocked out Joe Kestner in his last time out.

"Irish" Tommy Irwin, the pride of Chick Kenny's heart, has finally arrived as a good stand up performer. Tommy engaged in a hectic six-round battle with Freddy Locke down at Rockaway Beach that had the fans standing on their chairs. Chick expects great things from his protege.

According to all the newspaper accounts of the recent Sammy Mandell-Eddie (Kid) Wagner tilt, Mandell walked in an easy winner. Sammy showed the spectators what real class is. He handed out quite a pasting to his opponent. Mandell is expected to return to New York at an early date.

Joey Ross, the Hoboken terror, has left for the Pacific Coast. Joey is all that his sobriquet signifies and a little more. A flyweight with plenty of aggressiveness and hard hitting, he should make good there.

Jackie Brady, younger brother of the veteran Ralph, is still around these parts trying to keep busy. Jackie is a featherweight and is being looked after by Henny Andrews.

Irving Goldberg, Brooklyn lightweight, just back from a Western tour, celebrated his return to local ring circles by scoring a knockout over Young Angelo of Stamford, Conn., in three rounds.

K. O. Phil Kaplan, New York's contender for the welterweight crown, added considerable prestige to his fast growing record when he vanquished Eddie Burnbrook of Camp Holabird, Md., in a fierce twelve-round struggle at the Velodrome, semi-final to the Stribling-Berlenbach encounter. Kaplan is improving with each start, and there is no plausible reason for him not being considered as a worthy opponent for Mickey Walker.

Sergt. Sammy Baker, a member of the Mitchell Field army camp, looks like the real goods in the welterweight class. Baker has confined most of his battling on his home grounds, but in the past few weeks has added the names of several stars to his list of victims. He put the veteran Marty Summers away in three rounds and repeated his good work when he knocked out Dave Weber, the first time in the latter's career, in two rounds.

Sammy's left hand isn't worth much, but he hits like a trip-hammer with that right weapon. Remember the name!

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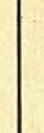

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COLORADO NOTES
By SAM BUXBAUM

Johnny Dugan, well-known New York sportsman, is spending a few weeks in Denver. Dugan will pick up a couple of the best boys around here and take them to the coast the latter part of September, where he will rejoin his old pal, Bill Oates.

The Eastern featherweights had better watch for their laurels as the fast, clever, hard-hitting Bud Hamilton is on their trail. Hamilton and his manager are making headquarters around Chicago.

Bud has boxed the best boys of his weight in the West, and out of 55 starts he only lost two, winning most of the others via the kayo route. He is really a sensation, as he goes all the time, never clinches or stalls. The Eastern fans will surely like this youngster's work in the ring. He has met such well-known celebrities as Midget Smith, Joe Mandell, Kewpie Callender, Harry Bramer, Vic Foley, Teddy Silva, Joe "King" Leopold and others too numerous to mention.

Johnny Griffiths, at one time a serious contender for the welterweight crown, is now located in Denver, where he engaged in several three-round bouts. Griffiths will make a trip to the Coast in the near future and will meet their best in four-round bouts.

Al Metz, of Chicago, who won the 120-pound A. A. U. championship in 1922, is doing good in the three-round game in Denver. Al is a pleasing fighter to watch in action.

Tony Turelli has a classy stable of fighters, everyone a good boy and a crowd pleaser. He has Bobby Moore, lightweight champion of the Rocky Mountain district; Kid Sullivan, a clever featherweight; Dummy Williams, a colored featherweight of promise, and Tiny Minnich, a willing bantamweight.

Big Bob Hurst, a 170-pound boy who won the light heavyweight honors in the D. A. C. amateur tournament in 1921, is aother boy who will go East shortly. He will join Bud Hamilton and his manager at Chicago. He is fast and clever for a big fellow and he can sock some.

There is rumor about that the sport writers and the Legislators of Colorado will get together and frame a boxing bill to be voted upon at the next meeting early next year. If the bill goes through and the right parties get in back of the game, boxing will thrive as it did a few years back.

IN BUTTE, MONTANA

Butte has one of the greatest little scrappers of the year, a boy who packs a sleeper in either mitt and plays havoc with his bantam opponents. His name is Dixie Lahood. He recently knocked out the Western champion, Billy Mascot, in six rounds. Most of his fights he has won by the K.O. route. He has yet to be knocked off his feet. He is a boy worth watching, for he has class, cleverness and speed along with his punching power.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By BILLIE LEWIS

Two new fight clubs have opened up in the past few months here, and have been holding open air shows. At the Charleroi Elks bouts, "Young Saylor" of Charleroi and Dick Conlon of Altoona were in the main bout, and Conlon won the decision. The following week Conlon lost to "Cuddy De Marco, the Charleroi Shiek," at an open air show held by the Braddock Elks at the Edgar Tompson Steel Co. stadium at Braddock. Both shows were financial successes.

Homer Robertson is now fighting in Havana, Cuba. He is signed for three fights in Mexico before he returns to the States some time next month.

Walk Miller, manager of Tiger Flowers, has promised to let his man meet Robertson when he returns. Youngstown, Ohio, wants this fight.

Cy Seibert, the former Pittsburgh middleweight, is keeping himself in shape and at the same time teaching Young Kid Christie and Battling Kid Peat of the North Side some of his old ring tricks that made him famous a few years ago. His ring name was Young Cy Ketchell.

Ray Lewis, the fighting policeman of the Pittsburgh police force, will box at the annual police meet to be held at Forbes Field next month. He will meet the middleweight champion, Harry Greb. Lewis did considerable boxing in and around Boston in the last few years.

Cuddy De Marco, the Charleroi sheik, qualified for the lightweight elimination contest to find an opponent for Benny Leonard by making 134 pounds for Tommy O'Brien of New York. The Zivic-De Marco match is now in the making.

Homer Robinson knocked out one of Cuba's best middleweights in three rounds. The promoters there are trying to get Jock Molone to make the trip to meet Robinson. He defeated Hugo Espenagi, middleweight champion.

Ray Pryel, the Homestead, Pa., lightweight, is now in the Maine woods for a rest and is preparing for a busy winter campaign.

Tommy Ryan, McKeesport bantam, has at last received his long waited chance to fight Abe Goldstein for the title.

If Sandy Seifert, the Pittsburgh heavyweight, Jimmy Bronson's budding star, wins a few more fights he no doubt will show at Motor Square Gardens at Pittsburgh.

Sandy is a credit to the boxing game. He looks more like a college student than a boxer. He has a large following from the North Side of Pittsburgh, where he makes his home.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By EDDIE McFARLAND

With the spread of Murphy's fame to other parts, Jimmy Pinto, Murphy's trainer, is coming into the limelight. Jimmy took Tommy under his care and trained him when Murphy's dad was unable to do so because of blindness, and has done much to bring Tommy to the position he now enjoys as a legitimate contender for Kid Sullivan's junior lightweight crown.

After having completed his course among the preliminary boys, engaging in some twenty ring battles over the six and eight-round route with but one defeat, Alex Cohen intends to send his flyweight hope, Johnny Brennan, after some of the big ones in his class. Emil Paulso, Johnny Buff and Al Brown are being mentioned as Brennan's likely opponents for the near future.

George McNally, flyweight from the Cohan stable, suffered a k.o. at the hands of Al Brown at the Commonwealth Club. George claims he was unhurt and more than holding his own with Brown when the bout was stopped by the referee.

With the opening of the local indoor club here on September 8, the gymnasiums throughout the city are crowded with aspiring youngsters making ready to step out this coming fall.

Cliff Smith is at the helm of the Broadway A. C. It is not known at present whether this will be the only club operating this fall. Promoter Smith is trying to line up Johnny Dundee with Tommy Kid Murphy for one of his shows.

TRENTON'S JOE GRIM

While reviewing the June issue of THE RING, I came across a verse by Gabe Caffrey that had missed my sight on first reading, entitled "Whispering Hope," and it dealt with the pitiable case of Ad Wolgast. While reading this it brought afresh to my mind a charatcer seen so often in a local gym. This picture characterizes Joe Grim, by name, who is a daily visitor to the gym, where, like Wolgast, he goes through his paces for a fight that will never be. Like Jack Doyle, Kid Murphy has provided Grim with training quarters and Joe keeps asking of the old kid when his next fight will be.

Joe leaves our midst for eight or nine weeks, only to return and tell how he whipped this one and that one, mentioning the leading bantams and flyweights and the biggest boxing clubs as his battle grounds. Some visitors at the gym nod their heads out of sympathy while the less considerate get a great kick out of hearing him talk. In his fights Joe would stick his unprotected jaw out for his opponent to hit, but it is just another case of an iron man gone wrong.

DAYTON DOINGS

Lou Richards, manager of Frankie Bob, writes from Dayton, Ohio, as follows:

In looking over your September issue under the heading of Results of Boxing Bouts, there is a statement that Eddie Weygant knocked out Frankie Bob.

This bout was held at Wheeling, W. Va., and was a no decision contest of ten rounds. Frankie Bob won eight of the ten rounds. THE RING correspondent made a mountain out of a mole hill because of a knockdown which happened in the last two seconds before the bell in the last round partly due to a slip in a wet corner. Referee Nobel Davis tolled the count of one, Bob was up, the bell rang and the boys fought for a full half minute after the bell. There was absolutely no knockout in this contest.

OREGON NEWS
By JOE MAZUROSKY

Frankie Webb, 130-pound fighter, is back in the boxing game. Frankie is tough and rugged. He always puts up a good fight. He recently gave Phil Bayes a terrific lacing.

Johnny Farr, the fighting bootblack boxer, almost upset the dope when he floored Mack Lillard, the k.o. artist here recently. Lillard knocked Farr out with a right to the jaw. It was the best fight seen here in a long time.

Babe Herman defeated Joe King Leopold in a fast ten-round bout here on August 8. Herman also defeated Joe Gorman the week before. Herman is a great drawing card around the coast.

Solly Gordon, youngest of the Gordon boxers, is going great. There are now three brothers in the boxing game. They are Abe, Sammy and Solly. Solly holds the northwest amateur championship. He has turned a professional last month.

Bobby Harper is coming along nicely. He is fighting nearly every week in Seattle. He is a fine drawing card. Bobby is under the management of Nate Druxman, a Seattle sport promoter. Harper will have a nice workout when he boxes Spug Meyers.

It looks as though California will soon have its ten-round boxing contest. At the last election over 90,000 voters voted for the ten-round boxing bouts.

Pug Mazorosky, better known as Babe, who formerly sold papers at First and Madison streets and is assistant street circulator of the Journal, made his debut as a professional boxer. Pug is a former 100-pound city amateur champion.

He has a wicked wallop and can punch as hard with one as with the other. He has hopes of becoming a world's champion. Pug trains every morning at Harry Virgil Hamlin's gym. Harry Hansen, matchmaker of the Portland Boxing Commission, said that with a little more experience young Mazorosky should be one of the best boxers of his weight in the country.

Young Riley jumped in the limelight when he knocked out Harry Philips from Astoria here recently. The knockout came in the seventh round. Riley recently gave Benny Dotson a hard fight

Henry Jabs, former amateur fighter, is coming along nicely. A few weeks ago he gave Vic Eades a fine trimming. Jabs will soon be fighting main events, for he is always doing his best, and the fans are all with him.

Babe Morton, 130-pound Oregon boxer, is going great. A few weeks ago he knocked out Joe Black in the third round. After being knocked down for the count of nine Morton came back fighting like a tiger. He connected with a terrific right uppercut that but Black away.

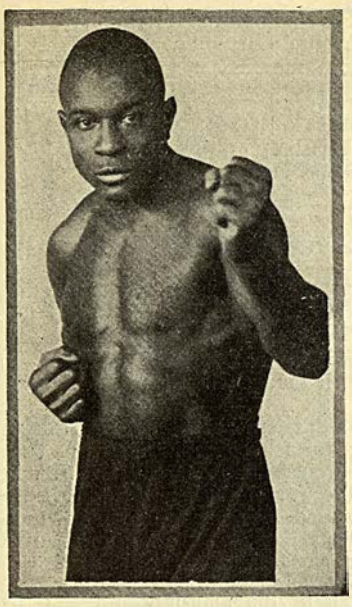
Danny Nunes is back in training again. Nunes recently held the featherweight championship on the Coast. Nunes lost the belt to Bud Ridley of Seattle. Nunes says that he expects to win his lost laurels back again.

Harry Soo, the Chinense Flash, has many fights lined up around the Coast. Soo is a very pleasing boxer.

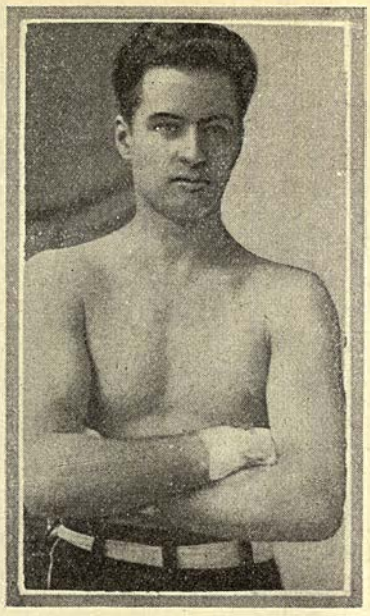
SOUTH ATLANTIC NOTES
By Philip White

On July 4th "Red Herring," the South's contender for Benny Leonard's crown, hung the k.o. on the self-styled Spanish champ, Francisco Alvarez, in the second round of a scheduled ten-round go.

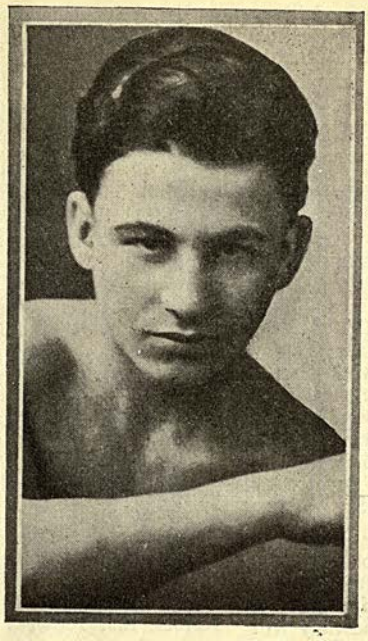
Alvarez was the worst excuse for a fighter seen in Columbus in many a moon. The Legion promoters should make the fighters of unknown quality come to the city several days in advance so the fans can see them work. Such fights as the Herring-Alvarez go does much to injure boxing, where it is none too popular since the Stribling-McTigue fight.



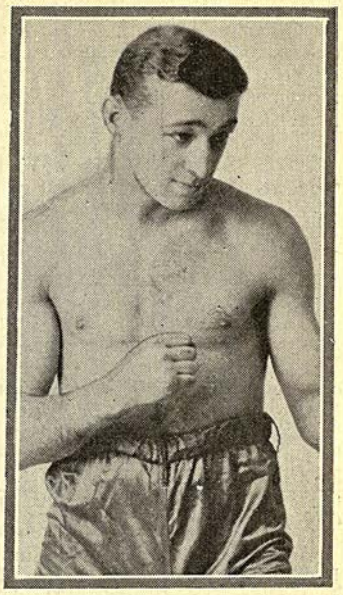
George Godfrey, the Shadow of Leipersville, who is a protege of Jimmy Dougherty,



Raphael Tanco, welterweight champion of Central America.



Mickey Lewis Manchini, a fly-weight from Jersey City.



K. O. Phil Kaplan, Harlem's crack welterweight, who is a good bet to dethrone Mickey Walker.

Another fight that was not of the best was the much bally-hooed battle between "Boots" Antley, defending champ, and Jordan Shepherd, for the featherweight championship of the South. On August 4 "Boots" tried hard enough to make it a fight, but Shepherd took to the roller skates and was content to stay the limit.

The one redeeming feature of the program was a three-round exhibition between Young Stribling and Billy McGowan. Strib's work was a pleasing revelation to the large crowd. The local American Legion has opened negotiations with Harry Greb's manager, Red Mason, for a bout between Greb and Young Stribling to be fought in Columbus October 6. Good luck to the Legion. Here's hoping they land.

Charles Lach, one of the most popular managers and promoters in this section, hast built an arena where he plans to hold weekly shows. Everybody wishes him success, as Charlie is a square shooting fellow. Lach is managing a stable of fighting fighters. Its stars are:

Dick White, lightweight; Ben Spivey, featherweight; Tommy Thompson, featherweight, and Spud Murphy, welterweight.

Dick White ns the star performer of the outfit. He has had only seven professional fights, but has won six by the k.o. route and the other was a draw with "Boots" Antley, that fast traveling featherweight champion of the South. The fans are clamoring for a return Antley-White match, and they may meet in the near future.

White holds two ko.'s over Freddie Boorde, former feather champ in the Sunny South, but who is now a lightweight. Dick is getting many offers from all over the South and will be kept busy. Spivey and Murphy also have pleasing records, and how these boys can sock! Little is known of Thompson, who is a newcomer, but Lach is very enthusiastic over him.

Columbus seems to have a monopaly on boxing talent, with "Boots" Antley, Tommie Thompson, Ben Ray, Ben Spivey in the feather class, Dick White, Kid Paccioni, Chief Octalvaro and "Tanks" Grantham in the lightweight division, Spud Murphy and Mud Weaver in the welter class; K.O. Page in the middle division and Gunboat Farley in the heavyweight class. All these boys FIGHT.

While not actively engaged in knocking the bridgework out of the mouths of fighters, Lew spends his time in a Southern Dental College, replacing damaged bridgework and yanking teeth. But fighting is his game and he is making them like him here, where he is a big attraction.

In the ring Lew is a very business-like workman, going after his man from the first gong. When he lands the poor featherweight opposite him has a terrible time remembering whether the war is over.

Silver has engaged in many classic fights here and in other sections of the country. He has campaigned all over the South, and has fought several times in Cuba, where he is a tremendous favorite and drawing card.

HEARD IN MEXICO

By Don Curley

The writer had a statement published in the August issue of RING that evidently needs some explanation at this late date, as we have had several letters of indignation from several boxers of Mexican descent. Below is printed the statement that has evidently riled the few who took exception to it:

"It is a well-known fact in the Southwest that if an American boxer is opposing a Mexican boxer IN A MEXICAN ARENA, the American boxer must just about half kill the boxer Mexicano before he can hope to gain the decision, or else has to win by a clean knockout through a punch to the chin. If Mr. Boxer of Mexican descent is hit in the tummy, ten chances to one he will claim a foul and get it. Such reasons are why some of the best informed boxers of the Southwest are not keen on going into Mexico looking for work."

In the above statement we see but one little part that needs any explanation or apology to soothe any broad-minded Latin-American boxer or fan, and that is the sentence where we stated—IF MR. BOXER OF MEXICAN DESCENT IS HIT IN THE TUMMY, TEN CHANCES TO ONE HE WILL CLAIM A FOUL AND GET IT. I should have said, MR. BOXER MEXICANO or Boxer of Mexico, as no slight was meant for any well-known boxer of Mexican Descent who happens to be boxing successfully in either this country or Mexico.

No person, promoter, boxer or fan, who has seen Battling Herrero, Mike Vasquez, Frankie Garcia, Kid Pancho or several others of the present-day boxers of Mexican descent perform would ever say they were yellow or ever took any unfair advantage of an opponent. Such boxers were not included in the above statement. We meant several of the boxers now fighting in Mexico exclusively. Some are citizens of Mexico and several are boxers who were unsuccessful in the States, but went into the Republic of Mexico, where they are now fairly successful. It is these boxers who get considerable outside help.

Boxing conditions are getting better and better in Mexico, and in time we expect to see boxing in Mexico on a par with the game in other parts of the world. The referees in Mexico are now taking the trouble to read up on el Marquex de Queensberry rules and they are beginning to make better decisions, yet we must still insist that the boxers Mexicano are favored in any close decisions with an American. This trait on the part of Mexican referees is only natural.

Gorge Monzon, bantamweight Campeon de Monterrey Mexico, won over Billy Williams of Richmond, Virginia, in the first of a scheduled fifteen-round contest in Tampico, Tamps, Mexico, on August 16. According to Williams' story the bell saved him in the first round, or should have saved him, as he was clipped on the chin five seconds before the bell, but before the bell could be rung the ring was flooded with Monzon admirers, so the fight was awarded to the Monterrey boy on a kayo in the first round. Williams admitted that Monzon carried a wicked punch and knocked him unconscious.

Mike Vasquez, of El Paso, Texas, returned to his home from Mexico City the latter part of July after his disastrous battle against Brooke Stevens of San Antonio, in which fight Vasquez broke both hands. In the twelfth round the pain in his hands was so intense the game little Indian could not hold his maulers up and was forced to concede the fight to his heavier opponent. Last year Vasquez broke his right forearm on Stevens in San Antonio in the first round and continued the fight for two more rounds until the house doctor, after examining the broken arm between rounds, advised Vasquez to stop fighting.

It has been announced by Empresa Deportiva de Tampico that Tommy White, now campaigning around New Orleans, Louisiana, and beating his opponents regularly, will soon be back in Tampico to demonstrate his whirlwind style of fighting. Last May, while in Tampico for a series of fights, White knocked out three opponents and easily beat another, and in each he was forced to give away ten to twenty pounds.

Jimmy Guest, of Houston, Texas, and Jackie Dillon, the fighting Cowboy, of Bracketville, Texas, is also scheduled to appear in the Tampico arena soon.

Promoter Manuel Rodriguez Ayon, of Tampico, Tamps, is putting over some highly successful boxing entertainments each Saturday. His arena has been enlarged, the seating arrangements are ideal and the roofed-over airdome is cooler inside than a dip in the surf.

Brooke Stevens and Jack Willis, of San Antonio, have been cutting great capers in Mexico City of late. Stevens is a lightweight and Willis a middleweight, both are young boys, not yet of age, but they have been boxing during the past three years.

During the months of July and August Stevens knocked out Mercedes Montez, Jimmy Dundee and Arizona Joe Rivers, while in the city, and Jack Willis beat Vecinte Aguillar El Cargador two times in fifteen-round bouts. Both Willis and Stevens have returned to their home city looking none the worse for wear and both boys state they were treated royally by the new Mexico City promoter, Sr. Arturo Cava.

Jack Avelone, of Fort Sam Houston, and Jackie Dillon, of Fort Clark, Texas, will be on their way to Tampico, Mexico, for a series of fights ere this is on the press, and they will be followed by Sunny Wallace, of San Antonio, and Johnny Merino, of Fort Sam Houston.

Kid Pancho, of San Antonio, Texas, is gunning for work in Mexico, and will possibly be seen in action in Tampico soon.

FISTIC NEWS OF GEORGIA
By COLEMAN McGRILL

Due to hot weather the boxing game has been somewhat dull the past few months. However, several promoters are planning for the winter, and the first one to announce its programme is the Olympia A. C., a new organization sponsored by several business people here. Jay Jarvis is to be the matchmaker of the new club, and according to Jarvis, will stage some live shows during the coming season.

Among the first ones to get favorable mention for the new club is Larry Avera. He may meet Jimmy Anderson, Cincinnati welter. Anderson was awarded a knockout over Pinkie Mitchel recently, and he is the boy Jarvis is after.

Pa Stribling was a recent visitor to this fair city. Pa let it be known that he is expecting to keep his famous son very busy the coming fall and winter. The Stribling's have been spending a short vacation in mountains here, roughing it a bit.

Lew Silver, popular local featherweight, is keeping the good work up. In his last two starts he scored knockouts over both of his opponents. The last one was a k.o. over Dick Leonard, Savannah junior lightweight, Silver winning in the seventh round. Leonard boasted of a referee decision over Young Stribling.

Silver, due to a little trouble he has been having with his eyes, is compelled to lay off for a short while at the advice of his attending physician. However, he expects to get busy again soon, and when he does he will bear watching.

An offer was recently made to Harry Greb, middleweight king, to meet Young Stribling in a 15-round bout. This offer came from the town made famous by Mike McTigue, Columbus, Ga. Major John Paul Jones, who successfully staged the Stribling-McTigue fight last year, is now trying to line up the middleweight champion.

Another youngster around who will bear watching is Boots Antley, 126-pounder. Antley hails from Columbus, Ga., and is being handled by Hugh Martin. He has been winning his fights regularly and will no doubt be heard from in the future.

Ed Alexander, Savannah, Ga., boxing promoter, has gathered quite a stable of leather pushers. Alex., as he is better known, is handling fighters of all weights, from flyweight to heavyweights, and keeps the boys fairly busy. Alexander also is one of the best referees hereabouts.

Local fight bugs were given a shock when the news flashed that Joe Paglina, Louisville, Ky., featherweight, scored a seven-round k.o. over the flashy Garcia. Paglina recently showed around these parts against Lew Silver, and the local featherweight kayoed Paglina in five rounds.

Tiger Flowers, local middleweight, who met Harry Greb in a no decision bout in Freemont, Ohio, on August 14, received the large amount of $2,743 for his share. Greb received $7,012. The net gate was $24,355. This report is credited to the Ohio Boxing Commission. The bout proved to be a fast one all the way, and according to press report must have been close, the Associated Press giving Greb the better of the milling, while the United Press report was that Flowers got the shade. Walk Miller, manager of Flowers, informed local sport scribes, that Flowers won all the way.

Boots Antley, Columbus, Ga., 126-pounder, recently journeyed over to Birmingham, Ala., to tackle their local favorite, Claude Wilson. Antley managed to win the eye of the referee when he called the bout a draw. The press agents of Wilson saw fit to send out reports that Wilson defeated Boots, disregarding the referee's decision. It is the opinion of the writers that tactics of this kind in sending out false reports is very unsportsmanlike and uncalled for. The truth of the matter was that Wilson was lucky to get a draw. Antley two months previous to their meeting in Birmingham scored a knockout over Wilson in six rounds.

R. Wm. Kelly is planning a busy campaign for his two battlers this coming winter. Battling (Chas.) Brewer, the fast stepping bantam, is his ace, and he is now training quietly for a comeback.

Antonio Valdes, little Cuban featherweight, managed to nose out a victory over Lukie Tenner. This is the second meeting between these two boys, the little Cuban battler carrying off the honors both times.

Billy McGowan, former sparring partner of Young Stribling, is to meet either Soldier Buck, of Louisville, or Jackie Clark, Allentown veteran. The Olympia A. C. are to sponsor this match when they meet.

TORONTO NOTES
By JACK JARVIS

Rarin', tearin,' popular Chris Newton, claimant of the Junior lightweight championship of Canada, went over to Buffalo to swap blows with clever Joe Hall. In their first meeting, Newton won in the first round, and ever since the colored boy had been squawking loud and long for a chance of revenge.

Charlie Murray rematched them at the Bison's baseball park in a bout that was a feature of a superb card. The final round had the crowd in a blaze of excitement, and when the boys tottered to their corners, and the verdict of a draw announced, not a single protest was heard from either side.

George Fifield, after a long layoff, took a long trip to St. John, N. B., and took a whirl at Johnny McIntyre. After a very even battle all the way, the draw decision met with popular approval.

Willie Davies, the very promising flyweight, and Al Holmes renewed acquaintances in Ottawa. Again they fought a rousing battle. Wee Willie won the decision with plenty to spare. The game, consistent Holmes made it a real fight. Davies slammed Al with everything but the band. At the end of ten rounds the little gladiators received deafening applause for their honest wholehearted display.

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In last month's issue of THE RING this column, owing to a typographical error, stated that Soldier Jones knocked out Jack Reddick in their battle for light heavyweight honors. It may be stated that Reddick again won an easy victory and knocked the "Soldier" flatter than the Ontario Temperance Act's 2 per cent. when he knocked Jones through the ropes to the tanbark below in the eighth round and won by a K.O.

English promoters have cabled terms to Reddick's manager for a bout with Phil Scott, who recently whitewashed Kid Moose. The latter was specially brought over by Moose's Moose Jaw friends to fight Jack and make an effort to grab the latter's middleweight title. The Kid had won 45 of his 47 battles with English middles, and the Moose friends evidently thought that Reddick would be custard pie for him. It is history what happened to Moose, and his friends who had wagered straigh, place and show money that their champion would win.

Larry Gains, former Toronto colored heavyweight, has been going like a house afire over in France, Germany and other European countries. He has fought 19 battles, lost two and won ten by the K.O. route. His gentlemanly manner and sportsmanship, in and out of the ring, has gained him many friends.

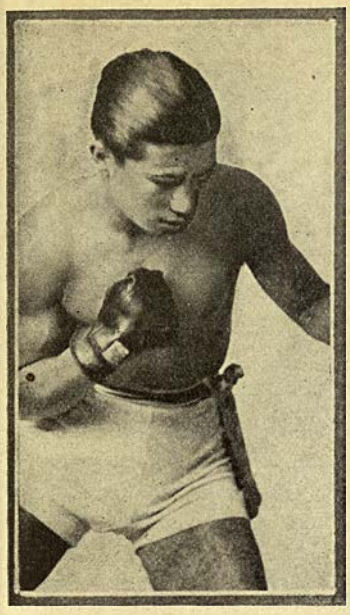
Patsy Adams, the "Cosmopolitan" of the prize ring, bobbed up again, this time in Ottawa. He boxed Percy Dubois in a preliminary to the Davies-Holmes slugfest. They fought like two "hayseeds" in a struggle to pass the crowd when a "vamp" girl show is in town. They tore into each other in real "knock-'em-down and drag-'em-out style." Patsy was the worst offender, and Referee McEwan ordered him out and declared Dubois the winner.

Quite a number of prominent amateurs intend joining the moneyed ranks this season, including Harry Henning, Phil Rivers, Frankie Deitch, Jackie Johnson and others. All boys will be welcome additions to the professional fight colony.

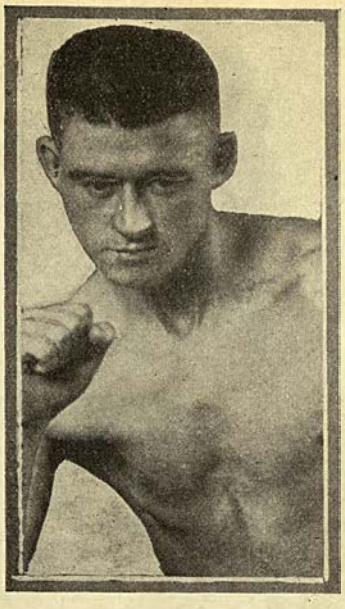
Jack Corcoran figures on opening his "Synagogue of Sock" early in September. The enterrising local promoter has some dandy cards lined up for his patrons. He will probably start his first show featuring Jack Reddick and some good middleweight or light heavy. It is possible that John will stage a world's championship battle later on in the season between Mike McTigue and Reddick.

Donnie Mack, one time a most promising fighter, has left Toronto for the coast. Ill-health prevented this good little fighter from making a snug little bank-roll this season out of the fight-game. Donnie is only 21 years old, and when he gets his health back again he will be knocking at the doors of the feather-weight contenders.

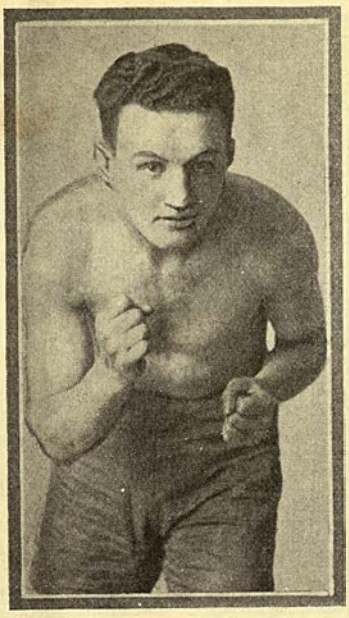
Charlie Hallat, the International's matchmaker, intends to show "Young" Bob Fitzsimmons, son ol the late and famous Bob Fitzsimmons, at one of his future promotions. Hallat should make a real box-office attraction.



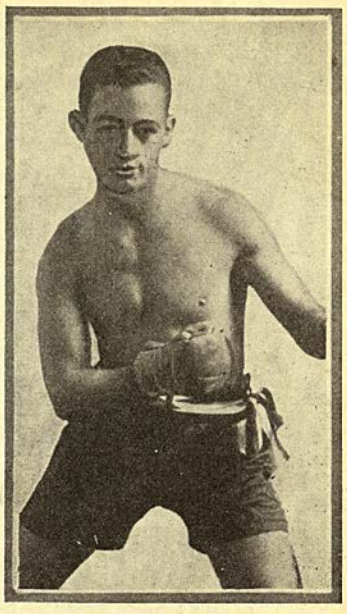
Frank Nanci, Pittsburgh's game little battler.



Charley O'Connell, Cleveland's crack lightweight.



Manuel Lema, bantamweight champion of South America.



Tony Valdez, bantam champion of Cuba, who is soon coming North.

IN FRISCO AND OAKLAND
By LEACH CROSS

Los Angeles has a clever, two-fisted little featherweight in Eddie Macey. Eddie has a bright future ahead of him.

Georgie Spencer is another good Coast feather. He and Macey have engaged in three thrilling bouts here.

Joe Miller is finding plenty of work here, as the lightweight division has many stars, and matchmakers find it worth their while to arrange contests for boys in this class.

Teddy O'Hara, Oakland lightweight, has a horde of friends on the Coast. His mode of fighting pleases. He is a slam-bang artist with plenty of speed, and keeps the fans on edge from start to finish. In his recent fight with Miller, both boys stood toe to toe, the kind of milling the fans enjoy.

Bud Soules, a welterweight with a hefy wallop, is well liked out here.

Pat Lester is Spider Kelly's latest aspirant for the crown now worn by Jack Dempsey. Kelly, a veteran who stands second to none in his profession, predicts a bright future for his protege. He has been putting the big fellow through a stiff course of training, and the young giant has responded nobly.

Two other heavyweights are on the Coast who should do well against some of the Easterners, although they are far from being top notchers. They are Jack O'Dare and Truck Hanna.

Tommy Cello has been a consistent winner here. He is a fighter from the word go.

Cliff Ramies recently won a decision from Dynamite George at St. Jose, and George is aching to get back at his rival. The verdict was awarded Ramies becouse of a foul.

Joe Miller, hard hitting welterweight, is fast regaining his form that made him so popular with the fight fans here a few years ago.

Bud Ridley is making hay while the sun shines. Bud, the famous world traveler, who has been cleaning up on the Coast after unsuccessfully attempting to break into the big game in New York. Bud recently won the featherweight championship belt of Oregon, awarded him by the Portland Boxing Commission. Ridley is a splendid fighter who has improved wonderfully under the able tutelage of Joe Waterman, his manager.

Joe Waterman is making a huge success out of promotion on the Coast. Many experts in the Northwest regard him as the saviour of the game because of his energetic work in fostering the sport at a time when things looked mighty gloomy. Waterman is a big booster for THE RING. He is a personal friend of the publisher. Waterman has a horde of admirers in the boxing game throughout the country. More men of his type are needed in the game.

Danny Nunes, Joe Gorman, Joe Leopold, Jimmy Darrah, Pete Daley, Jack Burns, Johnny O'Connor, Teddy Seidman, Jimmy Danks, Kid Davis, Rube Sandaval, Herman Auerbach, Billy Alger, Johnny La Catta, Johnny Francis, Sailor Hughes and Charley Martino are all giving the fans a run for their money here.

NOTES OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST
By TOM STEVENS

Tiny Herman's decisive victory over Floyd Johnson at Nate Druxman's show at the Coast League Baseball Park proved that Jack Lewis' Omaha giant is inclined to be reckoned with among the present crop of heavyweights. Tiny hit the Seattle boy at will and won every round but the fifth, in which Floyd managed to get over his sweeping right that brought him short lived laurels recently.

Herman displayed a decided improvement over his previous showing here several years ago, and despite the fact that the towering giant from the wheat lands hits the scale at 217 pounds, his excessive avoirdupois is no handicap, as he steps around like a lightweight.

One of the largest crowds that ever attended a bout in the Northwest was on hand to see an all star heavyweight card that attracted widespread attention. The crowd, unaccustomed to heavyweight main events, failed to accept the fights with any enthusiams at the commencement of the proceedings, but as the bouts went on they gave both men a good hand, and at the conclusion of the hostilities the fighters were accorded a rousing send-off.

On the same card Rocco Stramaglia, of Oakland, who butted Dempsey in the eye when the champ was training for Gibbons at Shelby, likewise getting a million dollars worth of publicity, knocked out Eddie Huffman, the Navy light heavy title holder, in the first round. Like the top spot, this bout was scheduled for six rounds. The sailor, a wonderful prospect, but scared at the big crowd, was a mark for the veteran Stramaglia, who took lacings from every man his weight on the Coast. A right to the chin finished the job for Rocco.

Bobby Harper, the welterweight champion of the Northwest, is preparing for an Eastern invasion and is expected to cast his lot with the boys who are making a bid for honors in the Metropolis. Bobby is a great little fighter and should go a long ways in the East.

Tod Morgan, the youthful featherweight champion of the Pacific Coast, is resting peacefully in the Washington Mountains and expects an active winter campaign. "Dad" Morgan, his father-manager, is carefully grooming his boy for a shot at some good Eastern boys in the future, but not until Tod has reached an older age.

Willie Ritchie, the world's lightweight king of a decade ago, announced his intention of reentering the ring. Willie is well up into the thirties now, and will have to step fast to keep up with fast Coast lightweights like Phil Salvadore, Simonich and Johnny Adams.

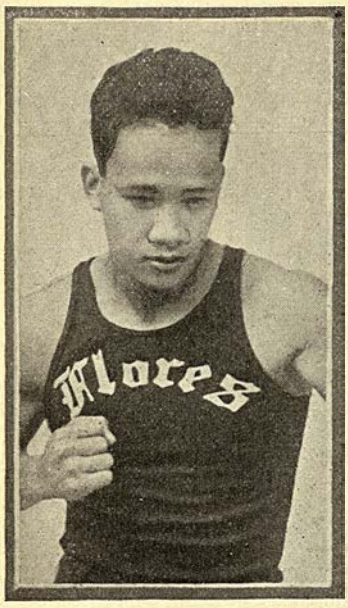
Nate Druxman, the "Tex" Rickard of the Northwest, is attempting to bring Fred Fulton into action with "Tiny" Herman next month. The big plasterer is still a card out here, and a scrap with "Tiny" should turn a mob away at the ball park.

Frankie Grandetta, the Portland flyweight, has been a consistent winner of late, and will be seen in action with Dixie La Hood, the Montana boy.

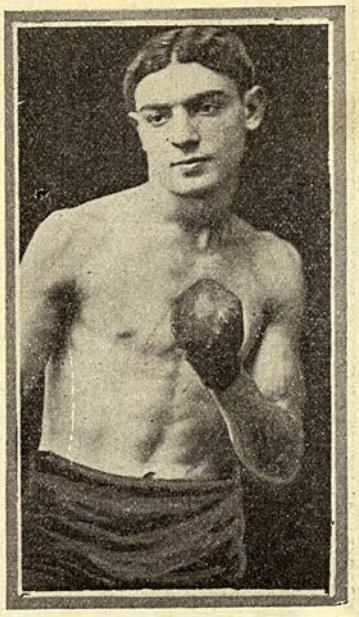
A little Chinaman named Harry Soo thrilled a Seattle audience recently with some of the funniest ring tactics seen here in a long time. He hopped around and bobbed his head until his opponent was bewildered. He is a master boxer and bids fair to make a name for himself among the flyweights.

Bud Ridley, the featherweight sensation from Seatdc, is now on a successful boxing tour through California. Bud is accompanied by his manager, Joe Waterman, and is due for an appearance at Los Angeles in the future. Bud will encounter several good feathers down in the Movie City.

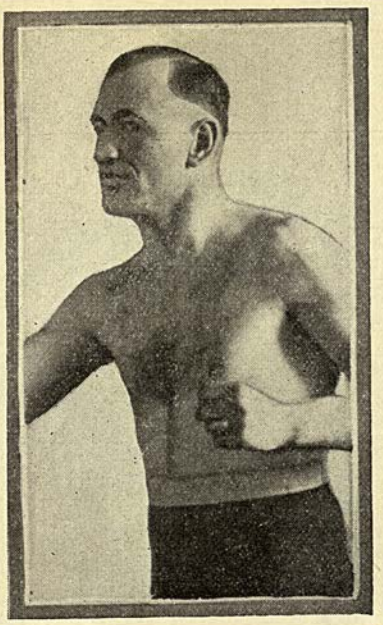
"Oakland" Jimmy Duffy, the greatest four-round fighter since Willie Hoppe, is due to meet Dave Shade at Tommy Simpson's arena in Oakland. Duffy, like many other boys, has been so accustomed to the short distance that he would be a flop in the East, as evidenced by his knockout at the hands of Bobby Barrett a few years ago.



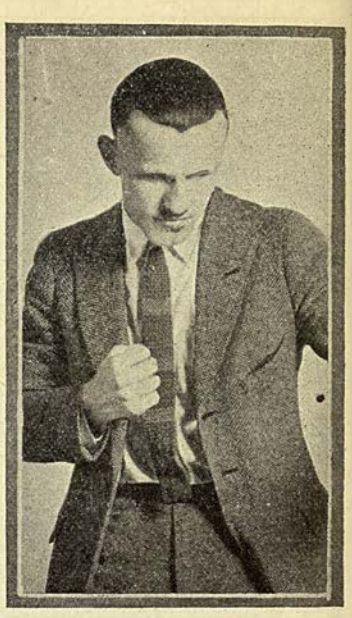
Macario Flores, brother of Elino Flores of the Philippines.



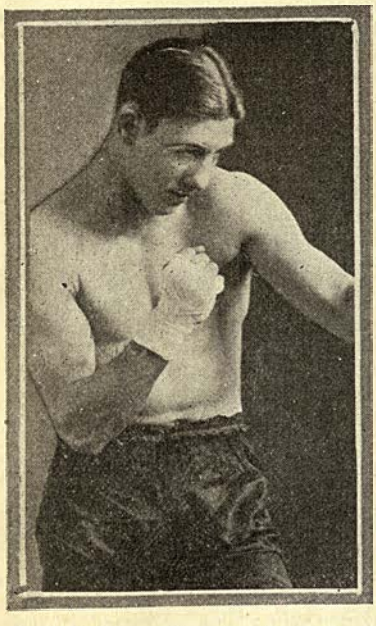
Young Lew Baker, Philadelphia featherweight of prominence.



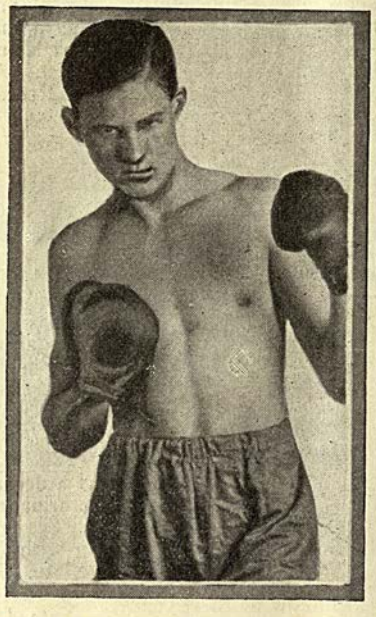
Frank Farmer, Western light heavyweight, who is doing well.



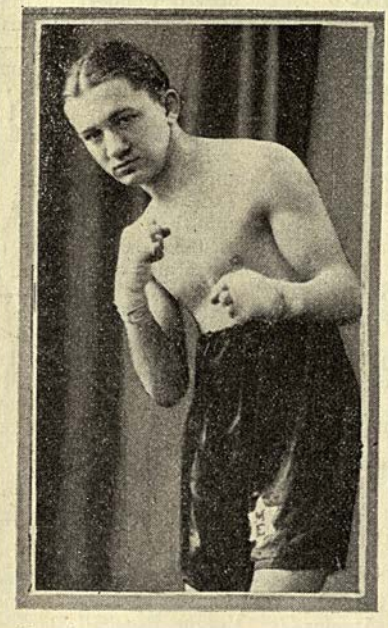
Mike O'Leary, Chicago lightweight, who is showing skill.



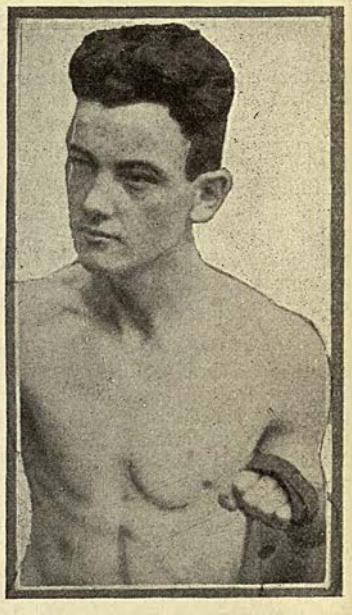
Jack Zwick, called the Berlenbach of the Middle West.



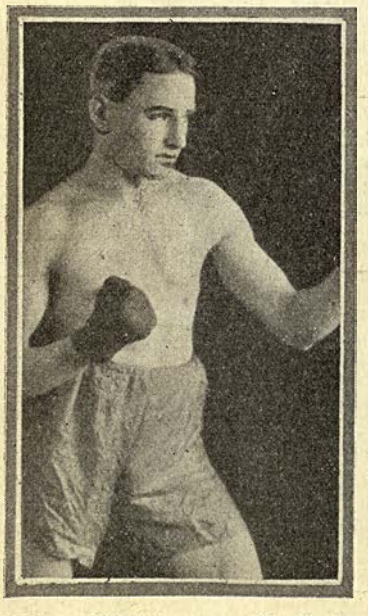
Joe McLarty, Atlanta, Ga., featherweight of note.



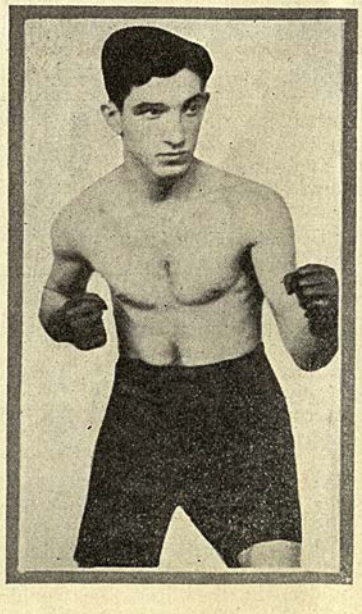
Morris Engel, former amateur 116-pounder of Middle West.



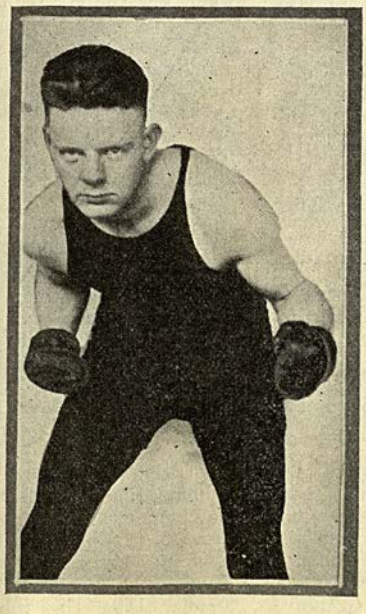
Young Jack Sharkey, Mississippi featherweight champion.



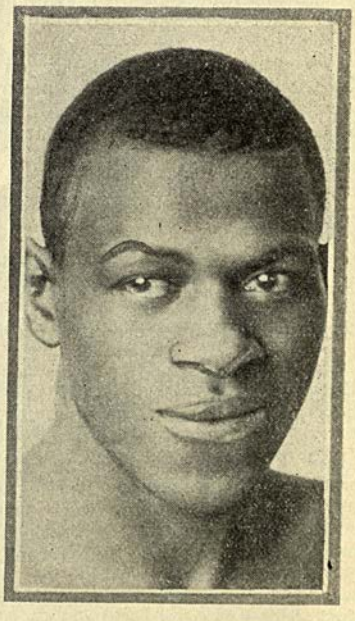
Mickey Gill, Vancouver, B. C., flyweight of prominence.



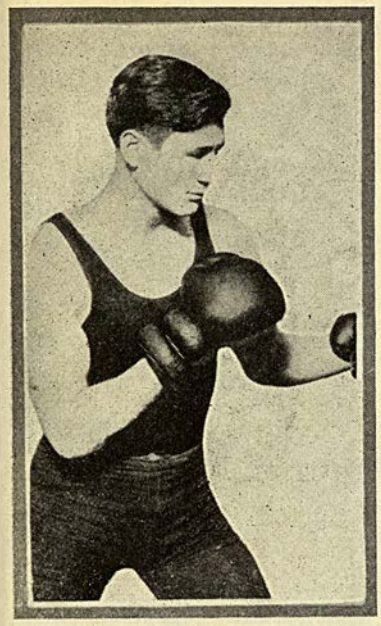
Ray Corbett, Middle Atlantic flyweight. A good fighter.



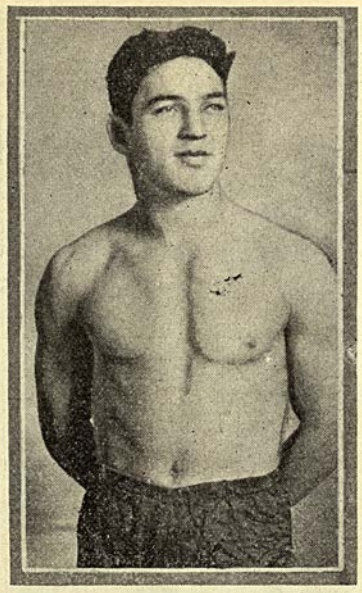
Young Britton, one of a new crop in the welter division.



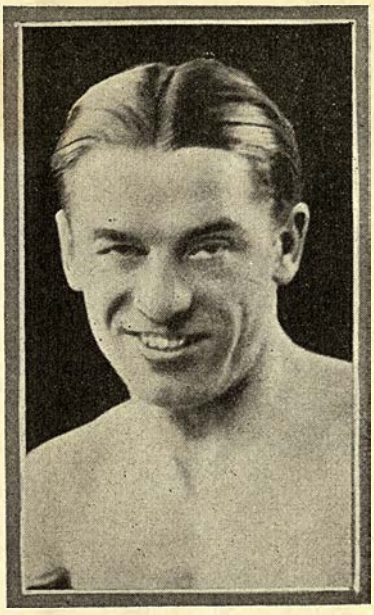
Larry Estridge, middleweight champion of colored race.



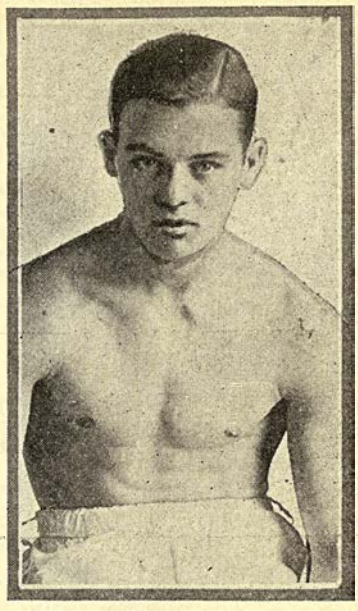
Young Marulo, middleweight from the South, who recently stopped Bryan Downey.



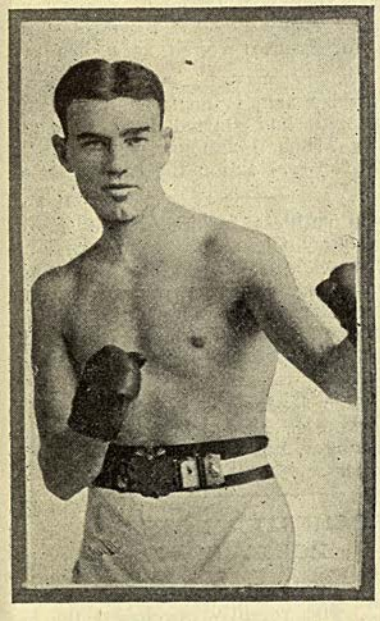
Johnny Trambitas, younger brother of Jimmy Darcy and Alex Trambitas.



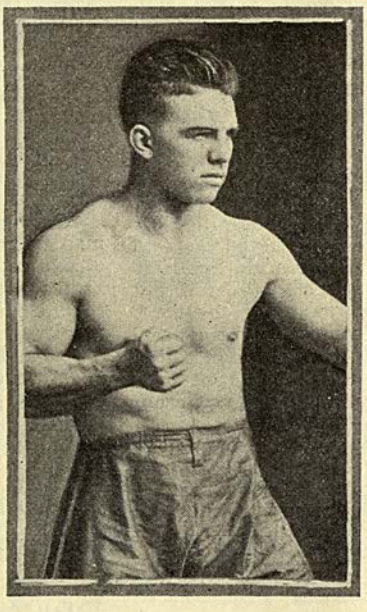
Jack Mitchell, brother of the famous Pinkey and Ritchie, who will turn pro.



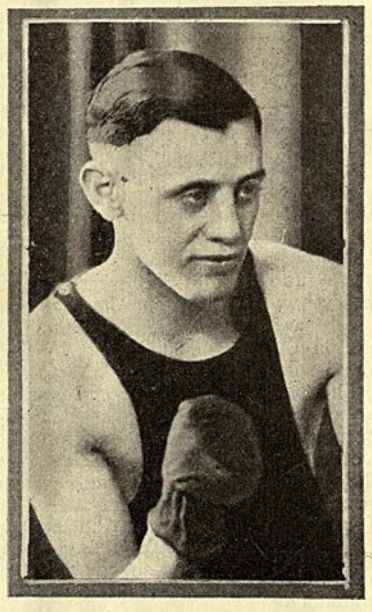
Tod Morgan, crack coast boxer, coached by Spider Roach.



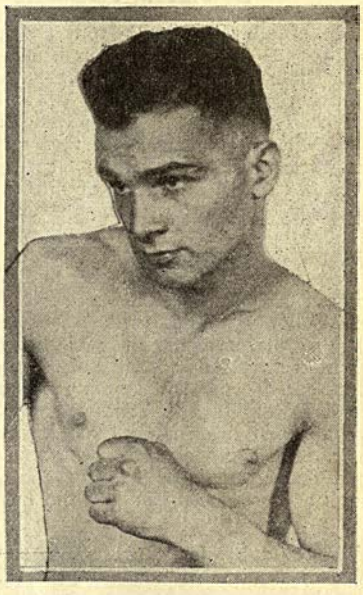
Pinkie Mitchell, who has few peers in West in middleweight class.



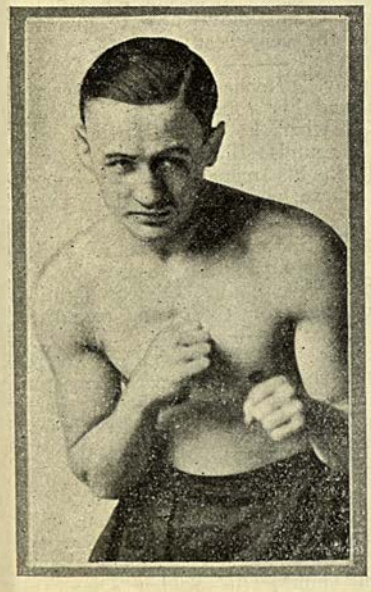
Jimmy Nuss De Pere, Wisconsin's hard-hitting middleweight.



Joe Azarella, Italian junior lightweight of Wisconsin.



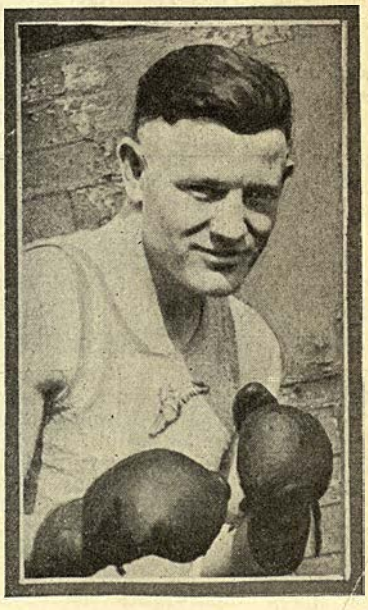
Dode Bercot, Seattle Bearcat. A real battler.



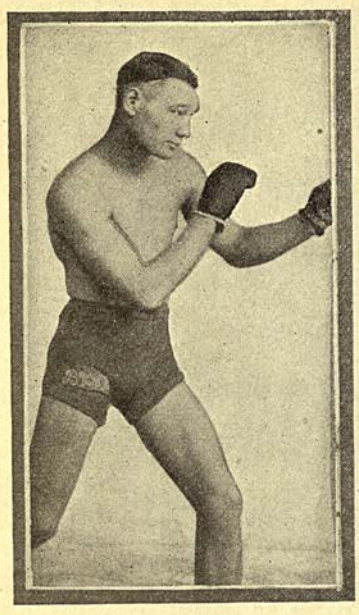
Georgie Sollis, Salt Lake City lightweight.

Angel Diaz, another foreign importation. He comes from Havana.

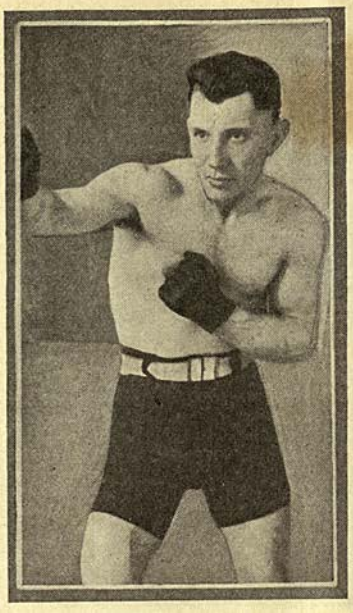
Tiger Flowers, of Atlanta, crack middleweight from Dixie



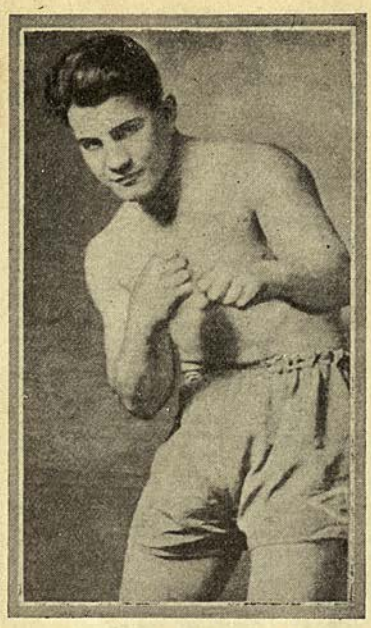
Larry Avera, junior welterweight champion of South.



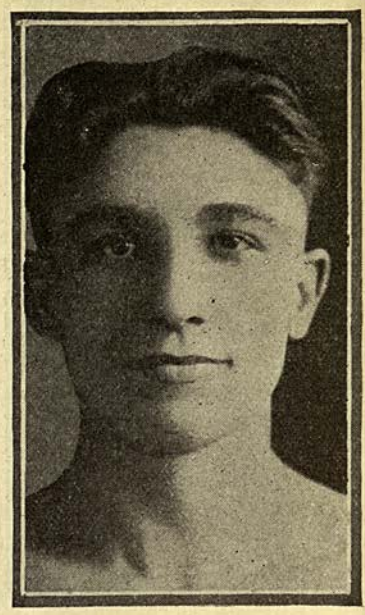
Soldier Buck, hard-hitting middleweight from Louisville.



Jimmy O'Dowell, featherweight champion of Rhode Island.



Mickey (Lewis) Manchine welterweight,



Phil Gusmano, promising Detroit lightweight.

BOXING NOTES—KANSAS
By JAY J. THOMAS

The popular pastime of put and take, which gave way to the parks, baseball, etc., during the torrid months, has bounded into the spotlight again and promises a season of sinful socking and costly catching. The pleasure loving netives will go to anything that promises entertainment worthy of their patronage, but it takes the grand old game of biff to send them chortling cheerfully along their way with smiles adorning their freckle farms as long as from here to Mars.

The first offering will be provided by the Fairfax A. C., in K. C., Kan., and Joe Trabon, the Wolloping Wop, Pride of Little Italy and all other places where the molasses hued brethren hold forth, will meet Billy Baker, of Iola, Kan., in a 10 round whamming match. This pair are lightweights and Trabon has been coming like a forest fire for the past six months. He has a few draws checked along his record, but no defeats. He is as willing as a wildcat and tough as No Man's Land in the last war.

The Cudahy Club presented as their first show on September 9 Kid Jap, of Kansas City, but who has spent the past year up around Detroit, Montreal and Dayton, mingling with the midget maulers in those parts, then had an attack of homesickness blues and turned his airedales on an ankle excursion for the Kaw.

Jap is supposed to be the only one of his countrymen in the wrapped rope arena, the original Yellow Peril, and the very spittin' image of Pancho Villa in looks, size and ring destructiveness. This brown baby is as aggressive as a wolfhound and can dole out misery in abundance. Battling Carl Stewart, Joplin bantam, will be the other portion of the battling bout. It hasn't been decided yet as to who will go behind the bat.

Hughie Walker, local light-heavy, Iron Man of pugilism, and rival of Bartley Madden for backstop honors, met Earl Blue, of St. Paul, at Waterloo, Iowa, Labor Day, in a 10-rounder, and then journeyed to Wheeling, West Virginia, for a whiff with Billy Britton on September 15 over the same distance. This affair with Blue made Hugh's 230th ring battle during his eight years in action against the best in three divisions—middle, light-heavy and heavy.

He boxed Tommy Gibbons 4 times, Bill Brennan 5, Bob Roper 6, Jack Dillon 5, Eddie McGoorty 3, Harry Greb 3, Homer Smith 5, Jimmy Delaney 4, Tiny Herman 2, Carl Morris, Gunboat Smith, Jim Flynn, Jeff Clark, Jack McAuliffe, Eddie O'Hare, Harry Foley, Billy Miske also, and never weighing past 175.

Henry Melcor, Chicago welter, and Ray Long, formerly of Oklahoma City, are both here now working daily at the Eagles Club and in search of matches. Both spent most of the last year on the Pacific Coast, where they met with no small amount of success. Melcor is being piloted by Mickey Curran, of New York, and Long is being looked after by his father. They should have no trouble in getting plenty of work in the Middle West.

Harvey Thorp after his bout with Morrie Schlaifer over at Canton, Ohio, was called off when Schlaifer became ill, journeyed back to K. C. and was matched with Warnie Smith at Tulsa, but wrenched his right elbow so severely in training he was forced to cancel the bout. The Dutchman has held each of the above mentioned to draws by the referee's decision route, Smith at Oklahoma City, and Schlaifer at Fremont, Neb., and would like another try at each.

The Eagles Club will open their doors to the customers the last week of September, probably with Frankie Dean, of K. C., and Frankie Beal, the classy looking lightweight from New Orleans. No boxer has shown here in years who looks better than Beal, and the fans are anxious to see this paid tangle.

MILWAUKEE NEWS
By FRED SADDY

On August 22, Milwaukee staged its first show of the fall season. Three K. O.s featured a card consisting mostly of local boys. In the main attraction Joe Azzarella, local Italian, lost on a technical knockout to Stewart McLean when he failed to answer the bell for the seventh round. Joe held the advantage early in the bout, but the St. Paul lad never stopped trying.

In the sixth round he brough the game little Italian to the canvas no less than three times, each for the count of nine. Commission doctors examined Azzarella's left hand and found it broken.

In the semi-final Joe Sielaff forced Tony Sanders to retire at the end of the sixth round, while Al Russel put Howard Holloway down and out in the first stanza.

Johnny Mendelsohn and his brother-manager, Harry, have opened a well equipped gymnasium at 226 Third street. The place is called The Club. Visiting boxers are invited to train there while in Milwaukee.

Whitey Berghausen is back from the coast. He is again in charge of Morgenroth's gym. Whitey's favorite song these days is "There Is no Place Like Home." There is no truth to the report that Whitey walked back from the Golden State.

Jock Malone is resting at Okauchee Lake, a nearby resort. Jock is a frequent visitor, and if looks count for anything the St. Paul speed merchant is far from through as a headline attraction.

Pinky Mitchell's arm is mending nicely and the local favorite has started light training. Manager Billy Mitchell announces that Pinky will be ready for real action the early part of October.

Attacking in ruthless fashion, Ernie Goozeman defeated Joey Clein, local featherweight, at Madison, on August 19. It was a red hot battle, action galore in every one of the ten rounds. Ernie carried too many guns for his younger opponent. In the other feature bout Lou Rollinger disposed of Jack Monohan in seven rounds.

Owing to other business, which left him little time to devote to his battlers, Jack Butler, local fight manager, has decided to give up his string of boxers.

ROCHESTER NOTES
By ROCKY CONTI

Promoter Sam Weidrick, of the Genesee Valley A. C., who recently purchased the interests of the Flower City A. C., has retained the services of Jake Carey, formerly matchmaker of the Flower City A. C. Jake has been promoting boxing bouts in Rochester for the past fifteen years, and knows how to give the Rochester fans the very best.

Mike Conroy, Rochester's heavyweight champion, showed his goods at Lorain, Ohio, on August 20, when he made Battling Siki quit cold in 9 rounds. Two days later, with Elmer Wiedrick, his manager, Mike hopped to Erie, Pa., where he stopped Joe Lawson in 7 rounds.

On August 27 Mike met Ad Stone, of Philadelphia, and was stopped in 7 rounds by the tough mariner. Mike claims he was fighting with a broken hand from the second round on.

Billy Burke, a local lightweight, who recently fought a sensational bout with Canastota Bob in Syracuse, has been matched to meet Johnny Downs at Scranton, Pa., later in the month.

Phil Verdi, Rochester's great bantam, who has defeated in the past six months Phil O'Dowd, Young Montreal, Chris Mullen, Willie Cunningham, Bill Bell and others, is working out daily at the Genesee Valley Gynnasium for his coming bout with Soldier Diaz, the Cuban bantamweight, on September 8. Verdi, who is a legitimate bantam, has been in 34

bouts and has only lost two, two others being draws. Verdi is known as a great little fighting machine. He is being side-stepped by such goods boys as Charley Kohler and Jack Wolfe, of Cleveland.

Joe Manuel, who recently stopped Joe Russell in one round, is a lad who will bear watching. Joe hopped to Syracuse a few weeks ago and defeated Frankie Anderson, of Detroit.

BUFFALO BOXING NOTES
By HUGH SHANNON

Tommy Ryan, the crack Buffalo-McKeesport bantamweight, went over big in Detroit when he defeated Joe Lucas at the Fairview Garden Club on August 25. Ryan's boxing was marvelous and the crowd cheered him for ten minutes after the scrap was over.

Ryan, according to the writer, whipped Bud Taylor, despite statements from the West to the contrary.

Manager Bert Finch complains that all the good light heavyweights and middleweights are passing up his welterweight star, Frankie Schoell. Finch says that Young Stribling, the Georgia fighter, was offered $3,500 to box Schoell six rounds in Buffalo, and that Pa Stribling, manager of the Southerner, refused to accept Schoell at any price.

Finch also declares that Lew Tendler, Philadelphia southpaw welter, put a prohibitive price on his services when asked to box Schoell at Scranton, Pa.

Schoell is a welterweight, but he has boxed and defeated middleweights and light heavyweights. He does not pick 'em.

Rocky Kansas, Buffalo lightweight, is summering at his country place at Wanakah, on the lake shore, near Buffalo. Kansas is not thinking of boxing at present. Whether he will retire or come out and box Luis Vicentini, who knocked him out, will be decided this fall. Kansas-Vicentini would draw a big gate here.

The Jimmy Slattery-Harry Greb six-round bout is going to draw a tremendous gate. The advance sale beats the Stribling sale to date, and Matchmaker Charlie Murray of the Queensberry Club predicts a banner house. The match was made at 165 pounds, so Greb's middleweight title is not at stake. If Slattery should knock him out, however, it will be a hard job to convince the fans that Slats isn't champion. The Buffalo boy can make the middleweight limit easily if he has to.

Jack Oakes, the colored welterweight star, is back in Buffalo from Hot Springs where he has been boiling out. Oakes is in fine shape and is going after Frankie Schoell for a crack at the local welterweight title. This match would draw some house. Oakes, on account of his terrific punching, has always been a good card here.

Art Wander, Jimmie Mack's good bantam, who gave Abe Goldstein a merry time of it at Syracuse, is going after big time fights this season. Wander bars none at 118-120 pounds.

Jimmy Goodrich, Buffalo lightweight, is in New York. Jimmy is among those competing for a crack at Benny Leonard. Goodrich can beat most of those in the elimination tournament.

Outdoor boxing is going big in Buffalo for the first time. The Siki-Homer Smith bout drew a gate of $8,800 and the Renault-Smith match went over $10,000.

Previous to this season a $4,000 gate was considered tops.

Boxing at the Broadway Auditorium will be ushered in here in late September. The clubs will alternate on Monday nights, the Queensberry Club going one Monday and the Velodrome the next.

Tony Stabeneau, Buffalo heavyweight, has been out in the Northwest working in the wheat fields. He plans to return here in October and start ring work again.

Jack Singer has a promising little featherweight in Johnny Ross, a southpaw. He has a peculiar style and is winning steadily.

Johnny Ward and Floyd Hybert, welterweights, boxed a sensational six-round draw, semi-final to the Jack Renault-Homer Smith clash. Ward was entitled to the shade. It's a cinch Johnny will be boxing the top-liners this season.

NEW JERSEY NEWS
By LEW DIAMOND

Frankie "Young" Dundee, the Portchester flyweight, made his debut here by knocking out Mickey Lewis, the popular flyweight from West New York, in the seventh round of an eight-round affair. Dundee made a good showing, and may be in line for plenty of work. Larry Donsky, who handles the affairs of Dundee, has quite a few offers for Dundee's services from out-of-town promoters.

Leon Gutowski, former amateur champion of New Jersey in the welterweight class, will turn professional. He made his debut in Paterson. Gutowski is the makings of a fine prospect. With proper handling may be meeting the top-notchers in his class soon. Gutowski is a two-fist fighter and can hit with either hand.

Mike Greenbaum, the popular sportsman of Paterson, has been running open air shows at the Peerless Ball Park in Paterson and making a big success. Greenbaum has been putting on first-class talent. He is negotiating for a Mike McTigue and Ray Neuman bout.

Jimmy Francis, the West Hoboken middleweight, made a wonderful comeback at Fletcher's Field recently. The slugging West Hobokenite scored a knockout over Billy Vidabeck, the Bayonne Tiger, in the fifth round of a twelve-round bout. A right to the jaw dropped the Blonde Tiger for the fatal ten. Francis also defeated Soldier Bartfield at the West New York Playgrounds in a twelve-round bout.

Neal Tucker, featherweight, made a successful comeback by stopping Joe Malone, the good West Hoboken battler, in two rounds. Neal has been out of the game for a year and is ready right now to start where he left off last year when illness compelled him to forsake the roped arena.

Ray Neuman, the Jersey "Assassin," in the light heavyweight ranks, was matched to meet Gene Tunney for the light heavyweight champion of America at the Cambria County Fair at Ebensburg, Pa., on Saturday, September 27, for ten rounds. Neuman recently returned from Hot Springs and is in active training at Keansburg, N. J.

Martin Burke of New Orleans, La., gave Erminio Spalla, the European champion, a boxing lesson at the Peerless A. C. in Paterson recently. So far as the writer could judge, Burke, with an educated left hand, earned for himself a victory over the Italian. In only two rounds, the first and the eleventh, could Spalla be given an even break. In the other ten rounds Burke's superior boxing stood out like a spinster among a group of chorus girls. Spalla proved a disappointment to many of his admirers, and missed more right hand punches than there are lemons in Florida.

Wally Brown, the colored light heavyweight from Paterson, has been coming along in great form. Brown has K.Oed. Joe Porter and Al Dewey, respectively, in the first round in his last two starts. Credit must be given Pip Sullivan, his manager, for his success, as he is a capable man as a handler of boxers. Pip has matched his man to box in Passaic shortly.

Willie Shugrue, youngest of the three fighting brothers, outboxed, outslugged and outfought Petey Mack, Jersey City's speedy little bantam, in a great fight at the Oakland A. A. Willie had the better of the slugging exchanges, and also hit the hardest. However, Mack was as great in defeat as he ever was in victory. He took all that Willie had and bored in for more. Both boys were wildly cheered at the end of one of the most spectacular fights ever seen in a local arena.

In the semi-final of the Shugrue-Mack bout, Babe Ruth of Philadelphia made a big hit in his debut in the eight-round bout with Sailor Morse of West Hoboken. Babe gave the Sailor an awful pasting in every one of the eight rounds. Morse was on Queer Street any number of times.

Tom Luzaka, Passaic's hard hitting heavyweight, has started training at the Madison Garden Gymnasium. Luzaka has won his last six starts and has been booked by his manager for quite a few bouts out of town. Luzaka would like to get a crack at Herman Heller, Frank Craven, or any of the other local lads in this city.

Jimmy Sullivan, the hard-hitting welterweight from Hoboken, after an absence of two years, made a wonderful comeback when he gave Buck Kelley of this city an awful pasting in every one of the eight rounds at the Oakland A. A. Jimmy was given quite a reception when he left the ring.

Micky Bliss of Newark scored his eleventh consecutive knockout when he put the skids under Jackie Curley in one round at the Lyceum A. C. in Elizabeth. Jabber O'Neii won from Tony Grant at the same club.

Laddy Kussy, hustling promoter and matchmaker of the Laurel A. C., who has presented some excellent shows at the Bank Street open air arena this summer, has leased the boxing arena at Dreamland Park in Newark for the rest of the season.

PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN,
(The North American)

Promoters Herman Taylor and Bobby Gunnis, who put on the open air bouts at the Phillies Ball Park, staged three successful shows the past summer, the one with Tendler and Barrett in the wind up proving a wonderful card, and the Jack Renault-George Godfrey battle also went over big.

Battling Levinsky, former South Philadelphia light heavyweight, whose last ring appearance was with Georges Carpentier, has been summering at Atlantic City. He is in the real estate business in Phillie and the resort.

Leo Patterson, St. Louis lightweight, who won the American A. E. F. title in France, has

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been in Philadelphia for some time and is trying to catch on at some of the clubs.

Frankie Conway, retired boxer, has turned manager and is now looking after Johnny Allen, Charley Mack, Frankie Youker and "Pee Wee" Ross. Ross is a flyweight and Conway declares he has the class.

Nate Goldman and Battling Murray are two of the topnotchers under the wing of Johnny Burns. Murray has started training again after a layoff, and is looking for trouble in the 110-pound ranks.

Since stowing away Mike Conroy, conqueror of Battling Siki, Ad Stone, the Philadelphia light heavyweight, has been in demand. "Boo Boo" Hoff has received offers from all parts of the East and Middle West for the services of the ex-marine.

Joe Nelson, 120-pound lad, is back in Phillie and has hooked up with Eddie Edwards.

There are any number of Philadelphians who insist that Danny Kramer is the best featherweight in the business. With Johnny Dundee out of the picture, Manager Phil Glassman says that Kramer is the logical lad to hold the title. Kramer never passed up Dundee, but was never fortunate enough to get a crack at the crown.

Tommy Loughran, the South Philadelphia battler, was keenly disappointed over his failure to meet Gene Tunney August 26. Loughran busted his hand while training at his Wildwood camp, but insists that he will soon be back in action.

Joe Wilton, a successful amateur boxer in Phillie, winner of twenty-two bouts, has decided to turn professional. He is a stablemate of Young Tiplitz and will fight under the direction of John Welch.

The All-American Club of Reading has reopened for the fall and winter indoor season, under the management of Joe Kennedy.

Jack Eshelman, who was busy in Nate Goldman's camp as a sparring partner the past summer, is ready to step back into the ring again and has thrown a defi out to all rival middleweights.

The Kensington southpaw fighter, Boots Doyle, has turned traffic policeman and is now stationed at a busy corner in the northeast section of the city.

It has been rumored that Leon Rains is to return to the boxing promoting game and run shows at the Arena in West Philadelphia, formerly the Ice Palace. Rains' long career with the old Olympia gave him a good reputation with the boxers and fight followers.

Eddie Bates, former bantam boxer, has turned benedict. Bates, whose real name is Walter Brasof, was recently married to Miss Edith Bernstein, of North Philadelphia.

Ty Coleman, the Scranton flyweight, continues to pile up victories. The coal region little fellow recently turned in a ten-round decision over Bobby Burke of Reading in a Scranton ring.

One of the real sensations of the Philadelphia boxing ranks is Benny Bass, who under the management of Phil Glassman, has piled up a long string of knockout victories. His feat of putting Spencer Gardner away in a bout at Newport, R. I., in August, stamps him as a real battler.

IN TERRE HAUTE AND INDIANA

By "Square Deal" Harry L. Ain

Bud Taylor of Terre Haute was a busy little fighter last month. He beat Tommy Ryan of McKeesport in their go at Terre Haute. In the third round he knocked Ryan clean off the canvas with a vicious left hook. That blow was costly to Taylor, as he dislocated his right shoulder.

Later in the month he fought Pete Saremento, stable-mate of Pancho Villa, and gave him a good pasting in ten rounds at Aurora, Ill.

On August 28 he took on the tough Carl Tremaine, at Cleveland, but this time he found the folly of working so often with a bum shoulder, and Tremaine copped the referee's decision. Cleveland press and public acclaimed this fight as the greatest ever staged in the city. At the end of hostilities the fans shouted for a draw, but the knockdown that Tremaine scored over Bud no doubt had a lot to do with the referee swinging the verdict in Carl's favor. Tremaine has made a wonderful comeback, knocking out Jack Kid Wolfe in one round.

Jack Johnson, who was to have fought Tut Jackson in Hammond, Ind., is sure out of luck in this State. Gov. Branch wired to Mayor Callahan not to let the bout go on under any circumstances. "Lil Arthur" will have to go some place else to show his wares.

Whenever you are in Indianapolis be sure to go out to Fort Harrison. Shows are held every Tuesday night, under Government jurisdiction. Decisions are rendered by the referee, and the bouts are fast and furious. They have to be, or no pay for the prima donnas. Captain Chase, general officer in charge, and Lt. Routhier, athletic officer, make sure that the fans are not disappoointed. This club is the best in the Middle West, and it reminds you of the four-round game on the Coast, only these fighters go full speed ten rounds instead of four.

At Fort Harrison, Indiaiapolis, on August 13, Jimmy Finley, Louisville welterweight, won the decision over Al Walther of Columbus, Ohio, in ten rounds. Tony Caponi of Louisville was awarded the decision over Pat Walsh, Chicago, lightweight. In the six-round preliminary Jimmy McDermott, Terre Haute, won over Jack Terry in every round. The men are bantamweights.

Owing to a carpenter strike in Terre Haute, work on the new stadium has been delayed. It is not expected that the stadium will be finished before Thanksgiving day.

Eddie Dyer and Joe Cooper have been matched to fight it out again at the Three I ball park, Terre Haute, on Labor Day afternoon. This is their second meeting, the first being a corker, with little to choose.

Eddie Dyer of Terre Haute lost to Ray Hahn of Indianapolis on a foul at Fort Harrison August 19. Hahn is a southpaw and hard to solve. The fight just started when Dyer hit the Indianapolis boy low in the first minute of the second round. Reamer Roberts used such dirty tactics in his fight with Merle Atle, Indianapolis featherweight, that the referee stopped the bout in the ninth round, awarding the fight to Atle. Part of Roberts' purse was held up. Allan Watson fought Micky Cone, Kokomo flyweight, a six-round draw. Soldier Field of Fort Harrison won the decision over Kid Shevlin at 128 pounds, and Marion Kepner, Indianapolis welterweight, beat Gen Risk in the opener of four rounds.

Leo Roberts, Terre Haute lightweight, is going to try a comeback. He is under the management of Bill Charles, and will meet Jimmy Finley at Louisville, September 5.

On August 27, Joe Cooper, West York, Ill., whaled the tar out of Sidney Glick, Indianapolis lightweight, at Fort Harrison. Glick showed a wonderful exhibition of gameness. Glick, after taking a count of nine in the eighth, came back and won the ninth by a mile. Glick, glorious in defeat, won many friends by his gameness.

In the other main event Norm Genet of Barberton, Ohio, won every round from Patsy Rocco of Chicago. The men are middleweights. Genet is a clean-cut fighter. He came back strong after Rocco fouled him in the second round. Fast Black beat Indian Horner, colored welterweight, in six rounds. Young Forbes of Chicago fought Tommy Ryan of Marion, Ind., a fast six-round draw, at 122 pounds.

FROM THE CENTRAL WEST

By HAROLD WALSH

Tiger Flowers, the Atlanta tornado, outpointed Middleweight Champion Harry Greb in a sensational ten-round no-decision bout at Ray Bronson's Fremont, Ohio arena August 22, according to our way of judging a fight. It was the fastest championship bout ever staged in Ohio, and only the fact it was a no-decision bout saved Harry's crown.

The Associated Press sent out a story that Greb won, but the majority of the leading of the Central West gave Flowers the decision. The verdict of the two Fremont papers was one gave Greb a slight shade while the other gave Flowers the fight by a wide margin.

It was a great day for Flowers, and his manager, Walk Miller, is swamped with offers for Flowers, whose fame has not turned his head. He surely is a credit to the boxing game.

Ray Bronson, former welterweight champion who staked the match, took a great gamble, as Fremont is only a small town, but he came through and made money, with Greb receiving $7,000 and expenses while Flowers drew $2,750 and expenses for his share. The total receipts were $24,000. Bronson had an ideal arena and had four great preliminary bouts, with Norm Genet, the Akron Iron, defeating Ray Bronson's protege, Charley Scherer, in every round of the six. Scherer took a terrible lacing and was all but out in the final round.

In the other preliminary Red Haerring of Louisville had a shade over Larry Avera, a stable-mate of Tiger Flowers.

This boy Norman Genet surely is climbing up the ladder. Recently at Akron he gave Johnny Griffiths, the Akron Flash, a terrific lacing in ten rounds, winning the referee's decision, and then he comes right back and wallops the daylights out of Charley Scherer in the semi-final to Flowers and Greb. Ray Bronson thought he had a coming champion in Scherer until Norm socked the daylights out of him. Recently Genet won the referee's decision over Patsy Rocco, a crack Chicago boy, in ten rounds at Fort Ben Harrison, Ind. Johnny Griffiths, although defeated by Norm, declares "that he is the cleanest fighter he ever fought and has a brilliant future ahead."

Tommy McGinty and Matt Hinkel are staging weekly shows at their splendid arena in Cleveland. Recently they had Carl Tremaine knocking out Jack Wolfe in one round, Archie Walker and Sammy Mandell boxing a draw, and then Carl Tremaine defeating Bud Taylor. Cleveland fans are flocking weekly and the

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promoters have real cards. They have two shows booked—Gene Tunney and Harry Greb and John Risko, Cleveland heavy, and Quintin Romero-Rojas.

Tommy Walsh, always popular in this section, has Eddie Anderson back under his management again, and Anderson is boxing in great shape. The writer met Tom in Chicago recently, and breezy Tom is highly incensed at the treatment that Jock Malone received in Boston recently. Tommy declares "that Malone was absolutely fouled and not knocked out." Tommy offers Wilson $10,000 for a return match.

Watch this boy Al Zeimer. Al is Tommy McGinty's bantamweight, and since leaving Johnny Kilbane and hooking up with McGinty Al has lost only one decision, and that to Bud Taylor in a great bout at Clevelend. Since then he defeated Freddie Thompson of Buffalo easily in eight rounds. Zeimer has defeated Harry Gordon, Bricky Ryan, Phil O'Dowd, Jackie Palmer, Harold Farese, Hilly Levine and others. He beat Levine at the Polo Grounds in the semi-final to Kilbane and Criqui. Al also made a trip to England with Johnny Kilbane several years back.

Willard Stuart manages to keep Eddie O'Dowd of Columbus busy. Eddie recently defeated Bud Taylor and then followed up by defeating Eddie McKenna in New Orleans.

Jack O'Keefe of Chicago, fifteen years ago a great welterweight, has a middleweight in Joe O'Hara, who is seeking a shot at Greb's crown. Joe hails from Fort Dodge, Ia., and has fought Shade, Britton and the best around Chicago. O'Keefe also manages his brother, Denny O'Keefe, and Joe Jawson, Milwaukee lightweight.

Jim Downing, former Butte, Mont., promoter, has erected an open air arena at Bellaire, Ohio, and is packing them in there every two weeks. Downing is also managing Jack Burke, Jack Dempsey's sparring partner.

Al Zill is making a great success of promoting at Youngstown, Ohio. He has been sticking in real shows, having Sammy Mandell and Eddie Kid Wagner in there recently. Ad Stone is a great favorite in Youngstown also. Tony Zill, brother of Al, is still a pretty fair lightweight. Al has a classy bantamweight in Rosy Stoy of Lancaster, Pa.

TEXAS NOTES
By DON CEE

Walk Miller's Tiger Flowers, the Georgia Deacon, came down to San Antonio to fight a tough light heavyweight negro from Vancouver, British Columbia, answering to the name of Oscar Mortimer; and what Tiger Flowers did not do to the Canadian is not in the book. The Flowers-Mortimer match was fought on the Solidad Roof Garden, August 12, in the Alamo City, before a capacity crowd.

Oh, what a pasting Mortimer took. Nine times he went down from solid crashes to the face and body, but nine times he came staggering up for more. Flowers may be a deacon, but he was fighting Mortimer like a devil. Not a bit of pity did he have for the man he was making to appear so much like a boxing dummy that could be knocked down, but would flop right up again. Finally, in the sixth round, the Tiger's mentor, Walk Miller, was heard to whisper in a loud roar from Flowers' corner. "Tiempo Tigre vamonos." (Train time, Tiger, let us go!) Whereupon the obedient Tiger measured his big opponent and crashed over a mean left hook that stretched Mortimer out again.

This time Mortimer was knocked out. He was counted out while lying outside the ring by Referee Bill Sinclair.

How does Walk Miller do it, some of the boys ask. He blows into San Antonio with his champ "Tiger Flowers" at 4:30 A. M., fights that night and grabs off a big guarantee, then blows out of town the same night headed for up East where the black tornado is scheduled to fight for the middleweight championship a few days after. We can only answer, "That the bustling little 'Walk' surely must know his business and has a perfect understanding with his star mauler."

Tommy White, the Texas City Bear Cat, has not lost a fight in so long it would break his heart to even have anyone get a draw with him! During July and August, Tommy turned in some great fights around New Orleans and Shreveport, La.

In New Orleans, White beat Paul Donza and knocked out Dutch Crozier and some other boy whose name escapes our memory, and in Shreveport in weekly hand running fights. White beat and battered three other well-known opponents almost to the point of knocking them out. White's first Shreveport victim was Erby Moak, who was lucky to stay the fifteen-round limit; the same can be said of Battling Budd, the tough Atlanta Georgian, who was touted to beat White. The touts were wrong, though, as Budd went down in sad defeat before the rushing onslaught of the slashing Texan.

Rem Williams, of Arkansas, was White's last victim in Shreveport. Williams came to Shreveport with a lot of publicity, but the willing boy White just went to work and walloped the Arkansas boy badly.

Billy Kid Williams, who journeyed to Tampico, Mexico, for a series of bouts the first week in August, returned to San Antonio August 15, after having been beaten in the first round of the first fight he had against Monzon, of Monterrey, Mexico.

Jack Avalon, of Fort Sam Houston, Tex., left for Tampico, Mex., for a series of fights to take place this month. Avalon will meet Vecenti Aguilar el Cargador in his first bout, and if successful will get a chance at Battling Chico.

Jack Avalon, who formerly hailed from New York, is the brother of Joe Malone, who is the trainer of Johnny Dundee, featherweight champion of the world, and who also manages the great little Italian featherweight of New York, Tony Vaccarelli. Avalon is a middleweight boxer, scaling around 155 before his contests.

Cowboy Jack Dillon, who hails from Bracketville, Tex., is another Lone Star boxer now in Tampico, Mexico, fighting in good form. Dillon contracted for four bouts in Tampico and it will be late in September or October before he fights back in Texas. The Cowboy has been having great success around southwestern Texas, beating all his opponents, and he is receiving many offers for his services.

Boxing in Tampico, Mexico, has taken a great step forward since the debut of M. Rodriguez Ayon as promoter. The houses are drawing big and the fans are seeing real fights. Senor Rodriguez Ayon knows his fans and what they like in the way of fights. Sr. Rodriguez spent twenty years in New York, and as half the Tampico fight fans are Americans, Rodriguez uses an American boy against a Mexican boxer in the fifteen-round windups, and such a system never fails to turn out the fanatics in great numbers.

Brooke Stephens recently returned from Mexico City to his home in San Antonio after successfully getting over three tough opponents in the Mexico metropolis. Brooke beat Mike Vasquez in twelve rounds of a scheduled fifteen-round go. Vasquez claimed two broken hands. Stephens also made Mercy Montez and Arizona Joe Rivers throw up the towel, Montez in the seventh and Rivers in the eleventh round.

Stephens got back home looking great. He had a big bankroll, and as he is known to be very conservative with his money, the wolves will not howl around his doorsteps this winter.

Jack Shelton, the only out-and-out successful promoter of San Antonio, will open his B. M. A. C. arena to the fight public late in September. Shelton will probably use Tommy White and Brooke Stephens, two of the best lightweights in Texas, for his first show. White hails from Texas City and Stephens from San Antonio. The two boys are lightweights.

Kid Gilber, southpaw bantam of San Antonio, knocked out a South American battler answering Quinonez. Gilbert finished the fight in the second round with a well directed left hook to Quinonez's chin.

Kid Swarez and Kid Lencho put up a thrilling six-round semi-windup bout that proved the best fight on the card.

Gregorio "Kid" Reyes, sports writer for the La Prensa, a Spanish language newspaper of San Antonio, promoted the Gilbert-Quinonez affair.

Tillie "Kid" Herman announced as the champion Mexican fighter of the world, was introduced and gave a four-round exhibition with "Fox Trot Pampas." Herman appeared to be in good condition and was to have left the following day for Mexico City.

CHICAGO BOXING NEWS
By ART WINCH

Ray Miller, of Chicago, the "Berlenbach" of the Middle-West among the featherweights, who has had 28 fights and has won 23 by the K.O. route. In his last fight he knocked out Danny Dillon of St. Paul, who has been going great guns on the Coast. Miller stopped him in two rounds. It was the first time that Dillon was ever stopped. In his previous bout in Aurora, Ill., Miller knocked out Solly Kessler of St. Louis in two rounds.

Not since the days when Joe Burman gave indications of bringing a bantamweight title to Chicago, has such a promising youngster been developed as Miller. He has come up in leaps and bounds in a year's time. On August 22, in Aurora, Ill., Ray Miller met his rival, Patsy Flanagan, and what a fight they put up for eight rounds! Miller won the newspaper decision. Jim Muller, Aurora promoter, will try to sign up Eddie Anderson to meet Miller.

Harold Smith, the pop-eyed kid from the stock yards, is showing all his old time form. In his bout with Al Dundee in Aurora, Ill., on August 22, he won easily. Since Smith started boxing again, he has won all three of his fights, and before the winter sets in he should be in line again for a bantamweight championship bout. It has been a long time since Chicago has had a champion, but the local fight fans are now looking for Smith to bring a title back to Chicago. Smith's manager, Buck Montgomery, is flooded with offers, but he intends to bring Smith East again, as his Eastern representative, Ike Dorgan, has informed Montgomery that he has several good fights lined up for him.

Mickey Sylvester, former A. A. U. bantamweight champion, is doing fine work as a professional. He beat Billy Bunch of Milwaukee. Art Winch, who trains Harold Smith, Charlie White and many other good stars, is also training Sylvester.

Warnie Smith, the rugged Oklahoma welterweight, who had won 21 out of 22 stars around here, received a very bad break in Omaha on August 20 in his bout with Morrie Schlaeffer. After winning five out of six rounds from Schlaeffer and cutting him to ribbons, Smith was forced to stop in the seventh round on ac-

count of torn ligaments in his right arm, injured in the fourth round of the bout. Smith has never been knocked down or out. The show drew over $11,000, and four local promoters in Omaha want to rematch the boys. Smith is without a question one of the best cards in the West, and his services are in great demand. Manager Ray Alvis cancelled several good bouts on account of Smith's injury.

Connie Curry, the flashy little bantamweight wit the "Million Dollar Personality," has been laid up for several weeks with a band hand. Jim Mullen wanted Curry to meet Champion Goldstein at his club, and Omaha promoters wanted Curry with Pancho Villa. Manager Ray Alvis refused these bouts ,as Curry is only a young fellow and has plenty of time to develop. Curry is the best card in this part of the country in the little fellows, and he never fails to please the fans.

Eddie Shea, the rugged featherweight from the West Side, has placed himself under the management of Ray Alvis. His first start under Alvis was against the highly touted Joe Pagliana of Louisville, who came here with a big splash as the man that stopped Frankie Garcia. After Shea looked him over, Pagliana went away as a big bust. Shea won every round and the bell saved the Louisville boy in the seventh round.

Eddie Anderson, Moline featherweight, is an improved boxer since he came back from the Coast. He has won all his fights. He is now after the featherweight title. Manager Tommy Walsh and Nat Lewis sent a check in to the New York Boxing Commission for a forfeit to box anyone selected by the New York commission.

Sammy Mandell and Buddy Taylor are leaving for the Coast this month, as Manager Eddie Long has lined up several bouts for them. Manager Long intends to stay on the Coast until the fall, when the busy season sets in. Both boys are leading contenders, and it will not surprise anyone that one of them will be a champion before the new year sets in.

Frankie Jummati, local bantamweight, has started in training again after a long layoff. He will be ready to box anyone shortly. Jummati has boxed nearly every bantam in the country. His services were always in demand, as he is a great crowd pleaser.

Joe McCabe, Lancaster, Pa., welterweight, and Willie Herman of New York met at Aurora, Ill., last month and they boxed an eight-round draw. McCabe is now under the management of Buck Montgomery and is now ready to box Mickey Walker, as Manager Montgomery has a promoter in Lancaster that will put the match on if the latter will sign up.

Joe Burman, North Side featherweight, is in training again. He has hooked up again with his former managers, Tommy Walsh and Nate Lewis. Burman's next fight will be in Aurora this month, and Jim Mullen will use him with Eddie Shea.

Pal Moore, Memphis bantamweight, has started in light training, as his hands are in good shape again after a six months' layoff. Moore expects to put in a busy fall campaign, which should lead him into a match with Abe Goldstein. A match that the fans around would like to see is Pal Moore-Harold Smith or Moore-Bud Taylor.

Tony Sander, West Side lightweight, is wandering why all the boys around this part of the woods are ducking him. It seems that he hit too hard for some of the lightweights, and for that reason his manager will take Sanders to the Coast this fall.

Babe Malleany, local sportsman and manager of Ray Miller, the hard punching featherweight, is trying to get Jim Mullen to use any good featherweight against Miller. He is willing to put up a $1,000 belt to go with the match, and the winner will receive the belt.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP
By COLEMAN J. NEE

With the curtain drawn on the outdoor season the boxing fans in this section of the country whose loyalty to the grand old art of self-defense can never be questioned, have turned their attention to the indoor bouts arranged for their approval.

The Jack Sharkey-Romero Rogas bout was the feature of opening indoor show staged by the Suffolk A. A. It was a torrid battle from the start to the sensational finish when Sailor Jack received his quietus. For seven rounds Sharkey punished Rogas relentlessly but this "pocket edition" of Firpo, game to the core got Sharkey's range in the eighth and with a series of bone-crushing uppercuts floored the ex-gob and the finish of the round found him in no condition to "carry on." With a little more experience this Rogas will "make 'em all step."

The semi-final to the bout between Johnny Darcy of New York and New England Champion George "Kid" Lee was a thriller. Darcy's forcing tactics made Lee step his prettiest to win. It was a "whale" of a scrap and one that will stand repetition here any time.

Young Stribling, the southern boy who sure is gathering in the hay while the sun shines, meets Tommy Robson, one of the hardest hitting boxers in the game, here this month. They will perform under the banner of the Commercial A. C.

The boys who like to take a "flyer" on some favorite boxer better be careful on this bout, especially after what happened in the Sharkey-Rogas bout when Sharkey was quoted as a twenty-to-five favorite.

The oldest boxing club hereabouts, the Armory A. A., offers a slashing card for its patrons this month. Bat McCreary and Kid Norfolk top the card and as this is the rubber battle between them, it should be worth while. Lew Paluso, that nifty little scrapper who is no stranger here, and Billy Murphy, the Lowell idol, mingle in the semi-final. This is a main bout in itself.

Johnny Harko, the Manchester "jumping jack," defeated Abe Friedman in that city the past month, taking eight of the ten rounds. Harko is an exact counterpart of Johnny Dundee in action and is a great card in New Hampshire rings.

Wee Willie Woods, the British bantam, stopped tough Eddie Polo in the feature bout of the Business Men's A. C. at Waterville, Maine, this month and he is matched to meet Newsboy Brown at the next show of the Armory A. A. in Boston.

The Moody A. C. of Lowell reopens at the old stand this month with Young Dencio, the dashing Filipino, and Frankie Hebert of the Spindle City in the feature bout.

The Union A. A. of New Bedford, a club that has done much to keep boxing alive in that section, offers its patrons a high class bill this month with Tony Carney, the idol of the Whaling City, pitted against Eddie Devine, Bobby Goldman's sensational little battler who recently stopped Bobby Dyson in a round.

The best equipped and most centrally located gym in the opinion of all visiting boxers here, is that of Jim Folands, 128 Hanover St., Boston. Jim is an old hand in the art of conditioning boxers. He managed a number of stars operating out of Canada some time ago. Paul Berlenbach finished his training for his successful contest with Hambone Kelley at this gym and he and his manager were loud in their praise of Toland and his assistants.

New England Champion Tommy Nee is finding plenty of trouble getting bantamweights to meet him, the latest boxer to "duck out" on him being no other than Johnny Harks of Manchester, whose press agents tout as a coming champ. However, Tommy's manager, Fred Wiederhold has signed him to meet Louis Prince who holds a popular decision over Harko. Since Tommy "took" Mike Castle, Henry Ford, Eddie Polo, Johnny Sheppard and others, the "boys" have passed him up.

The pencil and pad boys around Boston's newspaper row are still figuring up how much the other fellow gets when his battler performs. It is a source of genuine amusement to walk through this street and listen to the boys "make" matches that would put Tex Rickard and Jack Kearns in the also ran class. For students of human nature, here is a wonderful opportunity to get first hand data.

NORTH CAROLINA NOTES
By NIXON E. JONES

Legalized boxing is making great headway in this state. With Wilmington starting it off by passing a bill in 1923, there now are five cities in which boxing is permitted.

Promoter R. M. Kernon staged a fine card on Labor Day when he put on North and South Carolina's welterweight champion Ken Burris and Tiger Shaw of Cincinnati, Ohio. They fought ten horrid rounds with the newspapers splitting on the decision, one giving it a draw, the other giving the Tiger the shade.

Wilmington has two promoters, the commission allowing one to put on a show one week and the other the following week. That gives local fans a show every week.

Ken Burris will leave for New York soon and employ a good trainer to show him the finer points of the game. Should he improve much, local promoters will have to import a real man to work with him as Ken has lost only two decisions since he started out in 1923.

Raleigh no doubt proves Carolina's best fight city. A small show packed in 2,000 fans on Labor Day when Battling Budd and Cole Miller met in a tame ten-round bout. Promoter Bill Wynne will try and bring Young Stribling and another light heavyweight there before the winter is over.

Charlotte is staging boxing mtaches. Now that they have the game legalized they expect great things over there. The first fight was one between Ken Burris and Jimmie Conway, with Burris getting the decision.

There is a good opening for a live promoter in Greensboro. They have the game legalized but no promoter to take charge and put on a real show.

Should a welterweight come to Carolina he would make some good money this coming winter.

Ft. Bragg, N. C., has been giving the civilian boxer the worst end of the decisions. The time is coming when the boys will refuse to work there. The Army has its own rules and one never knows when he is violating one.

After spending fifteen days at Ft. Bragg with the Norfolk Va. blues and signing articles to meet both Eddie Burnbrook and Bobby Marriott, Bashara has returned to his native home, Norfolk, without fighting. Bashara claims Burnbrook would not give him five pounds and Marriott hurt a hand while training. Bashara is considered the best in the South his weight.

MONTREAL NOTES
By EMELL

With baseball and horse racing gone from our midst, local sportsmen can look forward to a season of boxing which, if the plans of the promoters materialize, should be one of the best in many years.

There will be two clubs operating regularly, each club getting the alternate week. Boxers and managers looking for work should address themselves to Alex Moore, Olympic A. C., St. Denis Building, Montreal; Tommy Conway, International Pastime A. C., 319 University St., Montreal.

Ralph McNaughton of Quebec, Canadian bantamweight champion, will be leaving these parts shortly for New York. Mac ought to make some of the topnotchers hustle. With a record of 3 defeats in 38 bouts he should have no trouble getting bouts. He has a pleasing style, very clever punch with either hand, and above all, a clean liver, and a thorough gentleman in and out of the ring.

Jack Renault, former Montreal cop, hereabouts is looked upon as Dempsey's successor. It's not so long ago when Jack boxed preliminaries and semi-finals for a hundred bucks, but today, Jack's purses run into thousands. In the days when Renault was known as Leonard Dumoulin, and somebody would crack that Jack would some day be contender for the heavyweight title, said wise-cracker was in danger of being tarred and feathered and strung to the nearest tree, however, "there is many a truth said in jest." If Renault ever fights Dempsey, he'll have his home town folk to a man rooting for him to win.

Bert Harris, the clever English fighter who has been making Montreal his home for the past year, is planning an American invasion. Bert put up some great fights here with Roy Mireault, Lewis Girardin, etc. In his last fight, which was with Leo "Kid" Roy, for the featherweight championship of Canada, Harris had to reduce seven pounds in one week and therefore came in weak and was not able to do himself justice. Harris at his natural weight of 130 pounds is a mighty good man, and should go a long way in his class.

Leo "Kid" Roy, Canadian featherweight champion, is rounding himself into shape for a busy fall campaign. Raoul Godbout, Roy's manager, has plenty of offers for his charge. Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, St. John, cities are dickering for Roy's services. It looks as if Roy will have a busy season, and also a profitable one.

Wonder what has happened to Solly Green, local lightweight? Solly hasn't boxed since he lost a decision to Benny Valger at the arena about sixteen months ago. On a number of occasions Solly has been matched for a comeback, but each time some hitch prevented the bout taking place. Too bad such good talent should lay on the shelf, surely Solly has many a good fight left in him yet.

FROM NEW ORLEANS
By CLIFF ABBO

With the boycott on in the East, Young Tony Marullo, the crashing, spine-crushing Italian, threw down the gauntlet and engaged Jeff Smith, veteran Bayonne battler, in a fifteen-round bout here on September 11. This copy is being written in advance of that fight, therefore, am not in position to give any idea of what the result might be. One thing sure, the boycott is on tighter than ever.

Marullo's name has been broadcast by several managers of Eastern headquarters as a killer. We are not trying to exaggerate in this statement. Jimmy Dunn, Cleveland mentor, is one who has done much to create the impression that Marullo means poison to any and all middleweights, following Dunn's experience here with Bryan Downey. Marullo sent him to a crushing defeat in nine rounds.

Now every telegram sent eastward for an opponent for Marullo is either given the waste basket route or some prohibitive price is asked for the services.

Promoters here are now negotiating with Mike McTigue to come to New Orleans for a fifteen-round no decision bout with Marullo Whether the light heavyweight champion will accept the proposition or not is yet to be seen. There is a standing offer of $10,000 for McTigue, but after Mike's experience in Georgia, he may fear the South.

However, the game in New Orleans is on a standardized basis. There are no riots staged here and never have been as far as we can remember. The Louisiana Boxing Commission is functioning efficiently and is composed of sober, intelligent men who know the boxing game and who are trying to keep it honest and on the up grade.

A bout between Marullo and McTigue would attract a probable house of $30,000, which would exceed anything staged here in recent years, the closest approach to that being the Wolgast-Mandot bout in 1912, which drew $22,000.

Speaking of receipts, the gate total of the Carlin-Villa bout here last month was a little disappointing when it showed only $14,000. Promoter Frankie Edwards expected it to go close to $20,000, and the deficiency was due largely to a "leakage." It seems that the promoter had plenty of cops guarding the outside of the arena, but they more more interested in seeing the fight than watching the windows.

Villa made quite an impression in that bout with Carlin, winning the unanimous newspaper decision. However, Carlin fought a great little champion in Villa and considering that it was his twenty-fifth battle, he did remarkably well. He lost no prestige and again went to the post with Battling Murray of Philadelphia on September 15th.

Carlin received $5,000 for his end in the Villa fight, which came on top of a purse of $3,100, for beating Eddie McKenna and $2,100 for stopping Johnny Buff. These fights were about a month apart. It is excellent testimonial to his drawing power, he working on a percentage in all three battles.

Benny Leonard is being considered by Promoter Dominick Tortorich for a ten-round no decision bout here this winter with Basil Galiamo, Southern lightweight champion. There is also talk of this match being staged in Mexico City. Matchmaker Montez of that place was in the city recently conferring with Red Walsh, manager of Galiano and has the local lightweight to terms.

Galiano easily won the Southern lightweight title last year when he defeated Pal Moran, and the fans here believe that he is now ripe for a contest with the lightweight champion. It will be staged during the racing season which opens here on Thanksgiving Day.

Matchmaker Montez also is considering showing several other New Orleans fighters in Mexico City, including Joe Matranga, Al Knowles and Dick Adams. Al Knowles is a welterweight under the management of Joe Harang, former local fighter. He is about one of the best 145 pounders around this section.

Following his bout here with Mel Coogan on September 8th, Galiano went to Milwaukee for a twelve-rounder with Joe O'Donnell. He was next slated to face Joe Dundee in Philadelphia. Dundee was also considered for a bout here with Joe Matranga, but his terms were a trifle too high for the promoters, but may be seen in action here during the winter season.

Tony Julian and Joe Matranga were booked for the latter part of September. The promoters have found considerable trouble in trying to get lightweights here to meet Matranga, who is Galiano's closest rival. Matranga's prowess seems to have been broadcast with more intensity than Galiano's. Sailor Friedman, Nate Goldman and one or two others are on the list of refusing to come here for the lightweight star.

Tommy Freeman, Hot Springs welterweight and undisputed champion of the South at this division, was billed to swing in action over in Cleveland on the Greb-Tunney card and then return to New Orleans for a clash with Eddie Burnbrook, Jimmy Bronson's star. Freeman is the lad who decisively trimmed Pinkie Mitchell in his last start here and who will make a lot of welterweights step when he gets ready to head East.

Martin Burke is now over in Jersey with Lew Diamond and reports here had him winning easily over Emilio Spalla in his recent start. Other New Orleans boys around the East are Pal Moran, Frankie Smith, Bill Kennedy and one or two others.

Dude Martinez is now on the Pacific coast, having won four in five starts. Percy Vinet, another local lad, is out there with Rodney Bridges, he having chalked up eighteen wins in nineteen starts. Other Crescent City battlers on the coast are Young McGovern, Jack Lewis, Young Griff, Aguinaldo Kid, Mike Russo, Jack Russo and Johnny Martin. Eddie Sears, formerly of New Orleans, is promoting fights in Hollywood and has about thirty boys in his string.

The postponement of the Frankie Genaro-Pancho Villa bout in New York disturbed the plans of the Young Men's Gymnastic Club here. They had Frankie billed to meet Eddie O'Dowd in a fifteen-round decision bout on September 22nd, but this bout had to be put back.

Local promoters, which include Dominick Tortorich, Frank Joret, Lenny Elmer and Frankie Edwards, tendered the new boxing commission a banquet the other night in the news lodge of Teddy Bernhardt. Commissioners Swanson, Pilsbury and McCabe were in attendance as were the former Commissioners Burke, Oury, and Coogan.

Jimmy Moran, former local fighters and pal of Jack Dempsey, has been appointed a referee by the commission. Jimmy Loscalzo, old time boxer who used to work with Jack Redmond, George Kitson and others, was another to receive a referee license.

Charley Rodriguez, star of the Dutz Moret stable, is ready to swing into action with the 124-pounders. He is trying to get local promoters to bring Danny Frush here for him.

It is rumored that Al Pilsbury, former local promoter, will re-enter the game in conjunction with Johnny Abrams, also known to boxing followers around the country.

Rodney Bridges brought back the news from California that Frank Carbone was up to his old tricks out West. He ran out of a match with Bob Sage at the last minute. Solly Harris brought Carbone to the coast.

Johnny Cox has been getting a lot of tough breaks. He had Billy Britton in here with Red Hill and the latter ran out the match. He then matched Britton with Marullo and Britton hurt his hand in a bout in Columbus and had to call the Marullo thing off.

Baton Rouge and Shreveport are staging weekly cards and are said to be drawing fairly good sized houses. Frank Foster is promoting at Shreveport and Mike Asocta at Baton Rouge.

HOOKS AND JABS FROM HAVANA, CUBA
By CHARLES PUJAL

Homer Robertson, a colored middleweight fighter from San Antonio, Texas, was knocked out in the sixth round of a scheduled twelve-round bout, by Kid Charol, local middleight champion, Robertson weighed 160 lbs. to Charol's 152.

In the first three rounds Charol landed the more effective blows. In the third round Robertson kissed the canvas for the count of four. In the fifth round Robertson went down again for the count of nine, and the end came in the first minute of the sixth round when Charol with a terrific right wallop to the midsection knocked his man down and out for firteen minutes.

The semi-final was between Eladio Herrera an aspirant for the local middleweight crown, and Kid Milland, from Tampa, Fla. In the first round Milland was knocked down twice, and in the second round Herrera with a left hook to the plexus flattened the Floridan for the count of ten.

Saturday, August 31, there were some good bouts staged at this city, in the Arena Colon Club. They were promoted by the "Santos & Artigas" firm of promoters. The star bout was supposed to be Jack Duffy, from St. Paul, Minn., and our light heavyweight champion, Santiago Esparraguera. But as the boxing commission did not allow Esperraguera to fight Duffy, Cabo Gusman, a local battler, was the one assigned by the Commission to meet him.

Guzman knocked Duffy out with a right hook to the chin in the sixth.

In the semi-final, Eladio Herrera, one of our best middles here, knocked out Joe Mallin in seven rounds.

Parga finally arranged a show in which he featured Lukie Tenner, the former featherweight champion of the Southern states, and Antonio Valdez of this city. This fight took place in the Arena Colon Club.

Last Saturday night, the 30th, there were two shows held here. One promoted by Parga and Caicoya and staged at the Cuban Lawn Tennis Club, and the other show was promoted by Santos and Artigas, at the Arena Colon Club. The Parga and Caicoya card drew to capacity, while Santos and Artigas had a very poor house.

Pargo and Caicoya had as the star bout, two of our best light heavyweight battlers, Cabo Guzman and Roleaux Saguero. They fought for twelve rounds with Guzman winning the decision and scoring three knockdowns. It was a fine bout throughout its entire length, the fans being on their feet most of the time.

At the other show, promoted by Santos and Artigas, Johnny Lisse, a lightweight from New York City, was knocked out in 8 rounds by Cirilin Olano, a local boy who is coming to the front rapidly. Two weeks ago Olano was only a preliminary fighter, and very soon he will be one of our best drawing cards.

A LETTER FROM HEINIE MILLER

It would be a great thing for boxing if there was a National Commission, with a pugilistic Judge Landis in the pilot house. What chance has a baseball team of sending out by wire a winning score when they lose a game? Yet in ring circles the "wire boys" still get by. The "Teapot Dome A. C." messengers, first to the telegraph office, win the decision by wire.

This sort of fine sportsmanship was clearly exemplified in Washington, D. C., recently when Young Dencio, tiny Filipino flyweight champion of the Army and Navy, decisively trounced Little Jeff, Southern flyweight title holder, in a ten-round no-decision affair.

Dencio had eight of ten rounds, had Jeff missing all over the ring, slammed him with everything but last year's corn shucks and four of the five local papers gave the bout to Dencio.

Just the same Jeff's handlers flooded the country throughout the East with stories of Jeff winning "the decision" and knocking Dencio through the ropes.

A great thing for the fight game would be to take the "wire boys" and make them win a fight or two in the ring instead of via Western Union or Postal.

POOR VERDICT RENDERED

One more decision like the one rendered in the Hamilton-Long bout at Pueblo on September 3rd will be the doom of the boxing game completely in Colorado as the fans and authorities will not stand for many bad verdicts to be given.

Of the bout referred to, Don Long had two rounds and Bud Hamilton had the other eight and Walter Evans gave Long the decisions which nearly caused a riot and a lot of dissatisfaction among the many fans who witnessed the bout and thought that Hamilton should have had the decision.

Both Dad Long and Manager Nat Leonard stated to the writer after the bout that they would have been well satisfied with a draw. However, a great injustice has been done Bud Hamilton.

Kid Cupid Knocks Jack Dempsey Flat. The above photo shows the world's heavyweight champion and Miss Estelle Taylor, movie picture star, posing in Atlantic City. Jack admits he has fallen in love with Estelle and she in turn thinks Jack would make a handsome and good husband

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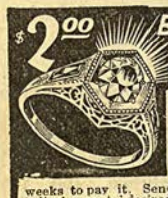

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Fitzsimmons—Gardner
Ketchel—Papke
McTigue—Loughran
Randall—Belasco

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